PATTERN IN *PARADISE LOST**

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THE title will be thoroughly misleading if it suggests an effort to isolate the element of aesthetic pattern in *Paradise Lost* and treat it *in vacuo*. On the contrary, the paper insists on the vital connection of theme and pattern—on the way in which his Christian theme enables Milton to modify and develop traditional epic patterns, and the way in which the patterns, thus modified and developed, support and advance the theme. Neither can the method of analysis employed claim much affinity with the "new criticism." It does not attempt to surprise the nature of either theme or pattern by hunting the image. It is concerned rather with structural patterns, with action, character, and setting, and even with concepts and an argument—because that is the sort of poet Milton is: not an imagist poet born out of time, but an epic poet standing consciously in the classical tradition, with, however, extraordinary powers of adapting the traditional to new purpose. Nor, finally, can I offer any exciting revelations about the influence of the five-act structure on *Paradise Lost* or of rhetorical pattern as seen in the forensic oration. I have to admit, indeed, to a stubborn conviction that Milton's principal models really were Homer and Virgil, and that what he was attempting was a classical epic poem on a Christian subject. I can promise, however, and I most solemnly do, to abstain from repeating the dreary commonplaces about catalogues of leaders, set orations, individual combats, flytings, funeral games, and epic similes, which have given discourses on the epic a bad name.

I

We shall require at the outset a rough description or working definition of aesthetic pattern. In arriving at it, I was helped years ago by the writings of Roger Fry and Clive Bell on the sister art of painting, though I have no sympathy with their flight from the representational in art or their attempt so to define aesthetic pattern and its attendant emotion as to isolate them from content or theme and its attendant emotion. I am sure that whatever is true in the other arts, there are large areas of poetry in which this will not work. Tragedy, for example, is an imitation of an action which arouses the emotions of pity and fear, and it would be absurd to try to define the effect of *Hamlet* or

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Samson Agonistes simply in terms of pattern, though the presence of pattern profoundly modifies the emotions aroused and is a principal factor in bestowing upon them their accompaniment of pleasure. But I think that aesthetic pattern in a poem can be so far abstracted as to become an object of critical attention, which is all that our present purpose demands.

As we shall use it, there is nothing at all esoteric about the term *aesthetic pattern*. Here the primary meaning of *pattern* is formal design, and a work is said to possess aesthetic pattern when by virtue of this pattern or design it is able to make its effective and pleasurable appeal to our sense of form. At its simplest, aesthetic pattern may be illustrated in many purely decorative designs—indeed in any *good* decorative design with its grouping of elements, its sweep of line leading the eye from one feature to another, its use of parallel and contrast, or repetition with difference, its suggestion (stopping short of complete realization) of symmetry, its encompassing unity and harmony. Quite as simply, aesthetic pattern can be illustrated in many short poems. Here indeed is a very simple example, a poem by Wilfred Gibson, in which the speaker is a young country girl:

I saw three black pigs riding
In a blue and yellow cart—
Three black pigs riding to the fair
Behind the old grey dappled mare—
But it wasn't black pigs riding
In a gay and gaudy cart
That sent me into hiding
With a flutter in my heart.

I heard the cart returning,
The jolting, jingling cart—
Returning empty from the fair
Behind the old jog-trotting mare—
But it wasn't the returning
Of a clattering, empty cart
That sent the hot blood burning
And throbbing through my heart.

Simple though this example be, and largely visual and decorative in its effect, it has one added characteristic: it introduces a human situation and human feeling, and incorporates them in its pattern.

When one is dealing with a long poem, and a classical epic like *Paradise Lost*, one must expect of course far more complicated, sustained, and subtle effects of pattern than this. But let us first assure our-

selves by two illustrations of the presence in *Paradise Lost* of a relatively simple kind of patterning.

1. The first is from the dialogue of Adam and Eve in Eden (IV, 634–58); and in its basic pattern it is very like the little poem we have just read. Starting with her loving submission to Adam, Eve's speech goes on to the pleasant order of their day, wherein each hour has its appropriate accompaniment of natural beauty, from "*breath of morn . . . With charm of earliest birds*" to

> *silent night,*
> *With this her solemn bird,* and *this fair moon;*

and it closes again on the note of love. We recognize that the speech is based on the simple Homeric device of repetition, but to an end and effect that are Milton's own. For all the salient phrases in the first half of the speech are repeated in the second:

> But neither *breath of morn* when she ascends
> *With charm of earliest birds* nor rising sun
> On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flow'r,
> Glist'ring with dew, nor fragrance after show'rs,
> Nor grateful ev'ning mild, nor *silent night,*
> *With this her solemn bird,* nor walk *by moon*
> Or glitt'ring starlight, without thee is sweet.

2. Our second illustration is thoroughly characteristic of Milton, though not of the epic tradition in general: it is the prologue to Book III, the famous invocation to light. This passage of fifty-five lines is a comment on the point reached in the poem: we have made our way through hell and chaos, the utter and the middle darkness, up to the realms of light; and around the ideas of light and darkness, and the triumph of light over darkness, the pattern is woven.

(i) Light, though not yet distinguished into physical and spiritual, is from the first associated with God and heaven:

> Hail, holy Light, offspring of heav'n first-born,
> Or of th'Eternal co-eternal beam,
> . . . since God is light
> And never but in unapproached light
> Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
> Bright effluence of bright Essence increate;

and so on to the created light with which God invested, at its first appearing, "The rising world of waters dark and deep."

(ii) Thus the idea of physical darkness is introduced, but introduced with the accent on the triumph of light over darkness, as at the crea-

tion so in the poet's journey, here described, through the utter and the middle darkness up to the realms of light. "Thee I revisit safe," the poet cries, but adds, significantly,

> And *feel* thy sovran vital lamp, but thou
> Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
> To find thy piercing ray and find no dawn;
> So thick a drop serene hath quencht their orbs,
> Or dim suffusion veil'd.

(iii) So we are brought to the blind man's physical darkness, over which light cannot triumph. But Milton does not repine. Rather he chooses to think of his consolations: his memories of classical poetry (called "sacred song" because all poetry is the gift of God[1]), then the poetry of the Bible, and, best of all, the joy of poetic composition:

> Yet not the more
> Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
> Clear spring or shady grove or sunny hill,
> Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
> Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath
> That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
> Nightly I visit. . . .
> Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move
> Harmonious numbers, as the wakeful bird
> Sings *darkling* and, in shadiest covert hid,
> Tunes her nocturnal note.

(iv) But *darkling*! The word is like a bell to toll the blind poet back to his affliction, and the sense of it floods over him again:

> Thus with the year
> Seasons return, but not to me returns
> Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n and morn,
> Or sight of vernal bloom or summer's rose,
> Or flocks or herds or human face divine;
> But cloud instead and ever-during dark
> Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
> Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
> Presented with a universal blank,
> Of nature's works to me expung'd and ras'd,
> And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.

This final deprivation, we are meant to recognize, menaces the very consolation on which he has chiefly relied, his poetry: without knowledge and wisdom there can be for Milton no poetry, and how can the blind man gain knowledge and wisdom?

[1]Cf. *Reason of Church Government*, Book II, Preface: "These abilities, wheresoever they be found, are the inspired gift of God. . . ." That the reference is to classical poetry is sufficiently evident from the allusion to the haunts of the Muses, and for Milton the word *grove* seems always to have carried a pagan suggestion.

(v) Yet there is a way:

> So much the rather thou, Celestial Light,
> Shine inward and the mind through all her powers
> Irradiate; there plant eyes, all mist from thence
> Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
> Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Thus the passage concludes, and with it the pattern. Once more, as in the beginning, light is associated with heaven and God: it is Celestial light. Once more light triumphs over darkness. But now spiritual light is distinguished from physical; for only spiritual light can triumph over the physical darkness of the blind poet.

Further analysis would bring into relief other elements in this pattern, both general and particular. For example, the distinction of physical light and spiritual turns on the Christian conception of the two orders of nature and of grace, itself a conception with an implicit pattern. In utilizing it Milton never fails to accord full recognition to the beauty and worth of the natural order while maintaining always its subordination to the higher order. So it is in this passage, with its images of natural beauty. Among them some of the particular elements of the pattern reside: the recurrent images of flower and stream, of mist and the light breaking through mist, of the return of the seasons and the alternation of sun and shade. Again, coming to a focus in the image of the nightingale, there is the recognition that night may be the hour of poetic inspiration; and this, I suppose, might be construed as one of those paradoxes dear to the new criticism; for what it suggests is that darkness, the enemy, may turn out to be a friend in disguise.

Here, then, is an example of pattern in *Paradise Lost*, to assure us of its presence in the texture of the poem, and to afford at least a more adequate illustration of what we mean by aesthetic pattern in poetry. It is an example, as we have said, of self-contained patterning; but this does not preclude it from taking its place in the larger pattern of the poem. The passage is the second of four such personal preludes in *Paradise Lost* (at the beginnings of Books I, III, VII, and IX); each in some sort balances the others, but the parallel is closest between the third and second, and the fourth and first. Again the poem plays repeatedly on the ideas of light and darkness, and this passage takes its crucial place in the larger unfolding of the theme. Nor is this all. Book IV (as we discover) opens with another address to light, which likewise merges in a reflection on the speaker's situation. But now the speaker is Satan, who looks upon the sun only to curse it, and whose reflection confirms him in the choice of spiritual darkness and a final rejection of the light of grace. Here is parallel with difference indeed,

and an example of the unexpected ways in which self-contained patterns may be related to one another and to the pattern of the whole.

If the passage in Book III selected for examination is characteristic of Milton, it suggests that while images play their essential part in his patterns, so also, and even more obviously, do ideas or themes. It suggests, further, that his patterns may be described as both structural and progressive: structural if one considers the firm framework on which they are built, progressive if one considers their movement towards an appointed end. In neither case can one come at the full character of the pattern by attending to the images alone, whose role is to support the theme, to forward its progression, to fill in the framework, and to give to the whole pattern that richness and density of poetic texture without which it would remain a pattern perhaps, but a pattern in prose.

Here our illustration of pattern in individual passages must stop, though it could be multiplied indefinitely. Can we then carry over the inferences we have drawn to some examination of the pattern of *Paradise Lost* in its larger aspects?

II

Preliminary to this examination, one other fact about Milton the poet must be recalled: his strong and abiding sense of genre and of poetic tradition. All his originality—and it is great—is revealed in his adaptation of traditional poetic forms, never in wilful departure from them, whether he is writing an Ovidian elegy, a sonnet, a Messianic eclogue, a masque, a pastoral monody, or a classical tragedy. His theme and purpose may differ widely from those of his models, and this it is that necessitates adaptations of the form; but the adaptation always consists in exploiting potentialities inherent in the chosen form itself. So it is with the classical epic in *Paradise Lost*. But one will never understand Milton's problem, or appreciate his artistry, unless one recognizes the degree of divergence between his theme and Homer's, his theme and even Virgil's, that is, the divergence between a Christian and a classical view of life.

The relation of Christianity and the classics is complicated and obscured by the long influence of the two traditions exercised upon each other. Virgil, for example, was almost adopted into the Christian scheme and his ideal was read in the light of the Christian; but Dante knew that there was a point beyond which Virgil could not go. And the possibility of tension between the two systems always remains and from time to time is realized, as when, in *Paradise Regained*, the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome come into com-

petition with Christian obedience and are rejected out of hand. This episode marks indeed the culmination in Milton's mind of a movement which has its other records in the *De Doctrina Christiana* and in his strict adherence to Christian subjects for his three great poems. At the same time these three poems also exhibit his closest adherence to classical forms.

The points, relevant to our discussion, at which the Christian view of things and the classical most sharply diverge, must be set down, at whatever risk of over-simplification.

The classical recognizes only one order of existence, the natural, though it acknowledges gradations within this order, whereas Christianity adds to the order of nature the superior order of grace, which alone holds the key to the enigma of life. And this addition of a second order which, in man, intersects with the first, may serve to remind us that the Christian view of existence, like every great system of thought, is itself a pattern, and consequently contains elements which can be readily incorporated in the aesthetic patterns of the poet, as Dante would illustrate and as Milton will. But to pursue for a moment the more obvious results of the single order in the classical systems and the twofold order in the Christian. The essential naturalism of the classical systems permeates any conceptions of the supernatural they may entertain, whether in the pantheon of Homer or in the religion of Virgil, who saw "universal nature moved by universal mind." In Christianity, on the contrary, the supernatural dominates the natural. Though it ratifies many of the natural virtues before transcending them, Christianity will not rest content therewith, but adds its own special virtues of piety, humility, and love; and the Christian virtues combine to produce an ideal of heroism, realized in Christ, and very different from classical conceptions of the heroic, a fact which impinges directly upon epic poetry. Nor may we ignore the way in which Christianity extends what I will call the vertical range of human experience: in the classical view man may rise to the specifically human or sink to the level of the barbarian or the beast; in the Christian vision he is confronted by the dizzy alternatives of rising to heaven or plunging to the bottomless pit. I am the more insistent on this fact since Christianity is often thought merely to restrict the poet's outlook. It does not, I think, at all restrict him in his treatment of evil, but it does afford him a new orientation in several ways and with important results. Thus Providence replaces the classical Fate. "Necessity and Chance Approach not me," says Milton's God, "and what I will is Fate."[2] This is something very different from Fate in Homer, or even from the Fate which in Virgil plays providence

[2] *Paradise Lost*, VII, 172–3.

to the Roman race. One result is that on a total view there can be no such thing as a divine tragedy, but only a divine comedy. We do not, however, always take total views, and in the divine comedy there is ample provision for tragic episodes. To prove it, one need not invoke the most moving spectacle in all history, Christ on the Cross: it will suffice to remember that as he turns to the story of man's actual fall, Milton (as he says) "now must change Those notes to tragic."[3] And well he may; for this tragic episode, "with loss of Eden" brings "death into the world and all our woe." But on a total view the episode takes its place in the divine comedy as the *felix culpa*, the fortunate fall, and the lost Eden is replaced by "a paradise within thee, happier far." Christianity does not eliminate the tragic from human life: it may even accentuate the tragic; but it places the tragic episode in the divine comedy, and thus invites us to take of it a double view. This Milton perfectly understood when he summed up the tragedy of Samson the man, with its human mitigations as well as its human miseries, before he permitted the Chorus to raise its eyes to the place of Samson's sacrifice in the divine scheme. And so in *Paradise Lost* the fall is none the less tragic in its immediate impact for turning out at last to be the fortunate fall. But does not the sense of an all-encompassing Providence, we may ask, reduce the human character to the dimensions of a puppet—such an Adam as (in Milton's phrase) we see in the motions? And does not the Christian epic here fall far short of Homer and even of Virgil? Not necessarily. In Homer and Virgil the individual is encompassed by the decrees of Fate. And for Christianity, even Calvinism never really succeeded in eliminating free will and contingency from his life and actions; and to the attempt of Calvinism to do so, Milton is strongly opposed. He insists upon free will: "when God gave Adam reason he gave him freedom to choose; for reason is but choosing."[4] The absolute decree which bestowed on man free will meant that every subsequent decree, as it bore upon the life of the individual, was not absolute but contingent on the choice he made. If there is a difference between Homer and Milton (and there is a great difference), it is not because Providence leaves a man's destiny less in his own hands than does Fate (rather, indeed, the reverse), but because the end which Providence proposes is recognized as good and because under its standard the good man does not fight alone or unsupported. In Homer, the hero is by no means the master of his fate,

[3] *Ibid.*, IX, 5–6; the quotations immediately following are from I, 3–4, and XII, 587. The point about the tragedy of Samson and its place in the divine scheme is discussed in detail in my "*Samson Agonistes* and Milton's Experience," *Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada*, Series III, XLIII, 1949, Section II, 157–75.

[4] *Areopagitica*, in *Works* (Columbia University Press), IV, 319.

but he is the captain of his soul. In Milton, he is in some degree the master of his individual destiny, but Christ is the captain of his soul.

These facts are relevant to the discussion of pattern in *Paradise Lost* because Milton's problem is to adapt a classical structural pattern to his Christian theme and to those elements of pattern in the Christian system which he wishes to incorporate in his poem.

III

So far we have not differentiated at all sharply between Milton's two classical models, the *Iliad* and the *Aeneid*. It is improbable that he distinguished between them, in our manner, as the primary or natural epic and the secondary or artistic. He took them as he found them and derived from each whatever suggestions he could use.

In two respects *Paradise Lost* builds upon the *Aeneid* rather than the *Iliad*.

1. In the first place, the *Aeneid* moves towards an end, not only appointed, but significant, and conceived by the poet and his audience as good, namely, the "lofty walls of Rome," and in that action Fate plays providence to the Roman race. Virgil's theme could be almost as definitely stated in terms of purpose: to inculcate the virtues on which the value and greatness of Rome depend. In *Paradise Lost* the action moves to an end significant for all mankind, and the presence of purpose in the poem from the outset is perfectly specific: to

> assert Eternal Providence
> And justify [that is, declare the justice of] the
> ways of God to men.

2. Secondly, in the character of its structural pattern *Paradise Lost* more resembles the *Aeneid* than the *Iliad*: it is essentially a *structural* pattern, not the free and flowing narrative of Homer with its recurrent elements of pattern. This distinction can be very simply illustrated. All three epics plunge at the beginning *in medias res*. To present the antecedent action, Virgil and Milton resort to the structural device of the contained narrative (Aeneas' narrative to Dido, and Raphael's to Adam, which are in effect epics within the epics), whereas the Homer of the *Iliad* is content with rapid and allusive glances behind him and around, whose cumulative result is to give the audience sufficient possession of the background. Now observe the uses to which Virgil and Milton put their structural device. It materially assists Virgil in adding to his Iliad (Books VII-XII) an Odyssey (Books I-VI), and it enables him to balance the warlike scenes in the later books, in which the Trojans are victorious, against warlike scenes in the earlier books, in which they are defeated. For Milton the device is no less integral to the

structural pattern of *Paradise Lost*. It enables him to narrate in detail the war in heaven and thus to supply, on a magnified scale, those martial episodes of the traditional epic, in which his human action is entirely lacking. More important, he can use the device in establishing between the fall of the angels and the fall of man, not only a causal relation, but a relation of parallel with difference—or, in other words, a relation which meets the demands of aesthetic pattern. Nor is this all. The antecedent action is narrated by the archangel Raphael, whose mission is to orient the unfallen Adam, and this Milton is able to balance by the prophecy of the archangel Michael, whose purpose is to reorient Adam the fallen but repentant. And when the crisis of the human action, which is the subject of the poem, is thus framed by the narrative of the past and the narrative of the future, we have the patterned series: Satan defeated in heaven by Christ, Satan victorious on earth over Adam, Satan defeated at last by Christ, who is the second Adam.

Nowhere, of course, does Milton's Christian theme entail a more fundamental problem of adaptation than in the matter of the supernatural action or divine machinery. Though widely separated in their attitude toward the gods, Homer and Virgil both employ the Olympian deities and present them as at odds with one another and as intervening to protract and complicate the human action. And so far as may be, Milton approximates his grander supernatural beings to the gods of Olympus: the Father doubles for Zeus and Fate ("what I will is Fate"); the angels with their leaders, Messiah and Satan, are (with scriptural authority, be it noted) called "gods" and are presented as gods and heroes on a magnified scale. But this is for the most part a surface conformity. In Homer the intervention of the gods bulks larger than in Virgil and is worked into a supernatural action, a drama, indeed a comedy, on Olympus. Here Milton follows Homer's lead, and betters the instruction, though to entirely different effect. For the Homeric comedy on Olympus he substitutes the tragedy of Satan's rebellion and fall and thus achieves at a stroke that relation of parallel with difference between the fall of the angels and the fall of man, which (as we have seen) is a principal feature of his structural pattern—Satan falling, self-tempted, unrepentant and forever, but man tempted by another, repentant and redeemed.

Milton's emphasis on the supernatural action is essential in another respect. The epic requires not only a protagonist, but an antagonist, a Hector as well as an Achilles, a Turnus to pit against an Aeneas; and the antagonist of Milton's story, the Hector or Turnus of *Paradise*

Lost, is a god. So far as the action is concerned there can be no doubt whatsoever that this is Satan's role.

Who, then, is the protagonist of *Paradise Lost*? And (what is not quite the same question) who is the hero of the poem, in the sense of providing the standard of heroism by which the other characters are judged? In the *Iliad*, and in the *Aeneid*, protagonist and hero are one. Other characters may have additional qualities like the cunning of Odysseus and the patriotism of Hector, but the essential qualities of Homeric heroism are those of Achilles—his physical strength and prowess in battle, his invincible courage, his fortitude under the decree of fate, his proud sense of personal glory; and it is as they approximate to these qualities (hardly one of which can be described as moral) that the other characters achieve heroic stature. Of Aeneas the same thing is true, save that while retaining most of the marks of Homeric heroism, Virgil adds qualities which *are* essentially moral, summed up in the celebrated Roman *pietas*, and which inevitably modify the qualities retained from Homer; so that paradoxically, but not inappropriately, Aeneas reminds us of his kinsman Hector, and it is Turnus, the antagonist, who is a pale reflection of Achilles. This is not without its significance for Milton, as we shall see. But first the question must be answered, who is the protagonist of *Paradise Lost*?

It is not an easy question; and, searching for an answer, some critics, if few readers, have stumbled upon Satan. But in the action Satan is plainly the antagonist, to whose final defeat everything conspires. So these critics are compelled to shift the whole centre of gravity of the epic, abandon Milton's purpose and pattern in favour of their own, and make *Paradise Lost* simply the story of Satan's successful attack on man and vengeance on God. This desperate expedient, which casts Adam (not altogether inappropriately, let us admit) for the role of antagonist, might perhaps serve if we had only Books I, II, IV, and IX of the poem. But it ignores alike the antecedent action and the consequences, and leaves the Messiah without a role. It is patently absurd.

So far as the human action is concerned the protagonist is Adam. But he is a protagonist with a difference, for in his encounter with the antagonist he is defeated; and he is not the standard of heroism, for it is plainly the lack of essential, that is, Miltonic heroism, which causes his defeat—this Aeneas who succumbs to the charms of his Dido and for her abandons his duty and his destiny.

The protagonist of the encompassing supernatural action, the divine comedy which subsumes the human tragedy, is Christ. Like Achilles and Aeneas, he defeats the antagonist, and like them furnishes the

standard of heroism for the poem. That standard does not abandon prowess and sheer power (witness the scene where Messiah goes forth to battle in the chariot of paternal Deity[5]), but to them are added those transcendent and transforming moral qualities which the poet deems essential to true heroism; and these for Milton are one with the Christian virtues, active and passive, the Christian *pietas*, summed up as obedience to God and extending, if need be, to the

> fortitude
> Of patience and heroic martyrdom.[6]

Long before *Paradise Lost* Milton had hailed the Redeemer as "most perfect Hero"; and something of this heroism Adam the repentant at last attains:

> Henceforth I learn that to obey is best
> And love with fear the only God, to walk
> As in his presence, ever to observe
> His providence and on him sole depend;
> . . . that suffering for Truth's sake
> Is fortitude to highest victory: . . .
> Taught this by his example whom I now
> Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.[7]

For like Achilles (though it would be absurd to talk of Achilles as repentant) Adam is a protagonist who experiences a change of heart.

Thus the role of protagonist in *Paradise Lost* is actually a double one: it is filled by Christ-Adam (with a hyphen). And for this Milton provides by incorporating into his epic pattern an element of pattern from the Christian scheme. As by Adam's disobedience all was lost, so by Christ's obedience all (and more than all) is recovered: Christ is the second Adam. This idea Milton invokes from the very beginning. That is why he chooses to echo the *man* of Virgil's initial line, that he may balance it with an immediate reference to "one greater man," who is Christ.

So much for the heroism of the protagonist. But what of the obstinate impression that Satan too is heroic? It will not be easily abandoned and, properly understood, there is no reason why it should be.

With a certain degree of heroism, a certain kind of greatness, the epic antagonist, if he is to encounter the protagonist, must be endowed. This is axiomatic. He must have power and prowess, courage and determination. And to these qualities no one will deny Satan's claim. But they fail at last. Not only the power and prowess of Hector, but

[5] *Paradise Lost*, VI, 749–892. [6] *Ibid.*, IX, 31–2.
[7] *Ibid.*, XII, 561–73. The earlier phrase is from "The Passion."

his courage fails before the onslaught of Achilles; and so with Turnus, and so with Satan, though more subtly, as at the voice of Christ he slinks away from Eden. But, over and above this, each epic carries its own standard of heroism and of this the antagonist falls short. And the standard of *Paradise Lost* is Christian heroism, to which Satan certainly cannot lay claim, and indeed would scorn to do so. For his initial rebellion, his whole motive of action, is a denial of its validity, coupled with a complete failure to comprehend its meaning. Satan, in his heroism, is an example of the pagan heroic in its more primitive and amoral form, pitted against the Christian. If in the action Satan is the Hector of *Paradise Lost*, in one trait of character, and that the essential one, he more resembles Achilles. He is like Achilles in finding his only motive in egoism, in personal glory. This it is that calls Satan's other heroic qualities into action. Like Achilles he feels himself impaired; he has the egoist's sense of injured merit. There is more than this in Achilles, of course, and more than this in Satan, to whom Milton adds, for example, the cunning and the voyaging courage of an Odysseus. The point is that by Milton the pagan standard of the heroic is not abandoned: it is still available for incorporation in the pattern of his poem. It is not abandoned: in Satan it is presented, judged, and condemned.

Nor is Satan its only representative. By the same pagan standard Beelzebub and Moloch (who is the Ajax of *Paradise Lost*) are in their degree heroic too, while Belial and Mammon (representing ignoble sensualism and ignoble greed) are by any standard unheroic. Thus examples of the true heroic, such as Abdiel and Michael, support the perfect hero, Christ; examples of the pagan heroic support the antagonist Satan, and contrasting with both are examples of the unheroic. All these, with their freightage of doctrine, and their rich potentialities of pattern, Milton weaves into his epic.

IV

Among the critics great has been the disagreement about the meaning of *Paradise Lost*, and about its adequacy as a work of art. We may perhaps distinguish three positions. (1) Raleigh, finding the crisis of the poem in the fall of man in Book IX, is eloquent on the art with which everything else in the poem is made to converge upon or spring from that dire event. But feeling the principal interest to reside in the character and actions of Satan, he exalts Satan to the position of hero and protagonist and thus tends to throw part of the antecedent and all the subsequent action out of focus. (2) Diametrically opposed to this view is one rarely formulated in so many words, but implicit in a good

deal of recent criticism, which may be most briefly stated by saying that *Paradise Lost* ought to have been called *Paradise Regained*, that the central concern is not with man's fall, but with the divine scheme of salvation, and that the crisis of the poem is found not in man's fall, but in his repentance. And now Dr. Tillyard, in his recent *Studies in Milton*, has issued, like St. Augustine, his *Retractions*, and, having abandoned Raleigh's position, has elaborated (3) his own view. He proposes to centre our attention upon the human action as a whole and to regard it as having two crises. The first of these, the fall in Book IX, is (he maintains) factitious since Adam and Eve could not have succumbed to temptation if they had not in reality already fallen.[8] The second crisis comes in Book X with the beginnings of their repentance, or (as Dr. Tillyard might rather be expected to phrase it) with the beginnings of their adjustment to the new situation. His intention is to play up the human action as against the supernatural and to find in Adam and Eve, whom he curiously regards as jointly the "hero" of the poem, an adequate counterpoise in interest to Satan.

We may be grateful for such insights as this third view brings us, and at the same time suspect that it creates more problems than it solves. Like the second view, it tacitly assumes that the poem is misnamed; but instead of emphasizing the divine scheme of salvation it makes Adam and Eve for all practical purposes save themselves. Christ, as Dr. Tillyard now plainly asserts, is *not* the hero of the poem. But this view, like the old Satan-centred critiques, then leaves him without a role since he must be hero or nothing. Furthermore, it reduces *Paradise Lost* in its human action to the level of domestic drama, and even (as Dr. Tillyard does not scruple to call it) domestic comedy. Now, as Professor Stoll has shown, the movement "from superhuman to human in *Paradise Lost*"[9] is an essential feature of the progressive pattern of the poem (my phrasing, not his). The scene of the action is indeed shrunk to a few feet of ground in Eden; but it is part of the same action which commenced when Satan launched his rebellion against

[8]This is not the place to enter upon an examination of Dr. Tillyard's argument. It seems plain, however, that he is arguing from St. Augustine's view of the state of innocence rather than from Milton's. The latter permits a much wider range of human experience (e.g., the experience of sexual love) and assumes the existence of impulses, innocent in themselves, which nevertheless, if brought into competition with obedience to God, might in a creature of free will be the cause of sin. Not until this circumstance arises, and the will approves the wrong choice, is innocence forfeited. That is the meaning of the lines (V, 117–19) so ludicrously misinterpreted by M. Saurat: "Evil into the mind of god [= angel] or man / May come and go, so unapproved, and leave / No spot or blame behind," i.e., leave innocence unimpaired. Whether this is a tenable view of the state of innocence or not, it is certainly Milton's.

[9]See his essay with that title, first printed in these pages, and later reprinted in *From Shakespeare to Joyce*.

God, and against all the fundamental facts of existence, and which will go on, as the final books assure us, to the end of time. It is the first human phase in that action; and rich indeed, and unexpectedly human, is Milton's treatment of it. But it gains all its significance, and its humanity is enhanced, by being viewed, not in isolation or with over-emphasis, but in reference to the twofold requirements of a classical epic pattern and Milton's Christian theme, which it is his problem to reconcile, and which in fact he succeeds in reconciling.

Paradise Lost is not misnamed. It does indeed centre upon the fall of man. The fall is as much the subject of *Paradise Lost* as the wrath of Achilles is the subject of the *Iliad*. No doubt it differs from Homer's subject *toto coelo*. It is more like Virgil's in receiving its full significance and stature from its place in a larger scheme, whose nature and direction the poem must make clear. But it differs widely from Virgil's too; and in the actual development of the human action there is a curious similarity between *Paradise Lost* and the *Iliad*. For Achilles also repents his initial decision; and if one chooses to talk of two crises in the *Iliad*, the protagonist's withdrawal from battle and his re-entry of the fray, one is, I suppose, at liberty to do so. And in the protagonist himself there is more, at last, than a change of direction: there is in some degree a change of heart. His wrath has burned itself out, and the end is peace. In *Paradise Lost* the end is also peace. It is not, as in the *Aeneid*, fulfilment. It is not, as in the *Iliad*, peace without hope. On the contrary, it is peace with hope—the hope of ultimate fulfilment. The tragic episode finds its place in the divine comedy.

V

In adapting a classical epic form to his Christian theme Milton discovers the possibility of a unique pattern. And this he supports and elaborates in various ways. Some examples of them we have observed as they occur in character and action. Others are furnished by the fourfold setting as Milton conceives it.

For the epic three settings were traditional: earth for the main action, heaven (or Olympus), and the nether world (visited by the protagonist). The last two Milton vastly extended, but he also added a fourth, the chaos; and among them he established a pattern of relations.

Heaven is perfect order, hierarchical in principle but unconstrained, for the antinomy of order and liberty is resolved in God's service, which is perfect freedom.[10] The manner of its presentation is at once heroic

[10]One need scarcely remind the reader of the Stoic and Christian sources of this resolution, or of its immense importance in Milton's thought.

and apocalyptic. Of this heavenly order earth before the fall is a true reflection, translated into the pastoral mood, but without loss of its hierarchical principle and even retaining something of its heroic quality. This reflection, of course, the fall obscures, bringing with it countervailing reflections of chaos and of hell. Hell is the reverse of the heavenly order: not disorder (as one might thoughtlessly expect) but perverted order—an order keyed to Satan's mad resolve, "Evil, be thou my good."[11] It too has its hierarchy and its own desperate pagan heroism: Satan is "by merit raised to [his] bad eminence" as the Messiah is "by merit more than birthright Son of God." Everywhere the contrast meets us, as though this too were a reflection of heaven, but in a distorting mirror: hell's light is darkness visible; Satan's throne and imitated state are a parody of God's; there is an infernal trinity of Satan, Sin, and Death—Sin is Satan's offspring, who will share his throne, Death proceeds from Satan and Sin. And what of the fourth setting, the chaos? Disorder—call it rather *unorder*, the absence of any order—is represented by the chaos. It is neutral in character, is mere potentiality: good perhaps in substance, but lacking the good of form. From the chaos, God by his Word and Spirit shapes that earthly universe which is to reflect the heavenly order—an act which has its own place in the pattern, for God's constructive goodness manifested in creation anticipates his reconstructive goodness manifested in the scheme of redemption. And from the chaos, after the fall, Sin and Death, in emphatic parody of the creative act, build their bridge from hell to earth. Thus the patterns interlock—and all the more readily since each setting is not a locality merely but a state of mind. "Which way I fly is hell," cries Satan, "myself am hell";[12] and Adam receives at last the promise of "a paradise within thee, happier far"—but not until the human pair have reflected in their own minds, as a result of their fall, the strife and meaningless tumult of the chaos.[13] They have not accepted the perverted order of hell, from which there is no redemption, but they have lost the reflection of the heavenly order, and it is this that they must regain.

We started with two examples of patterning within single passages. We have reached at least some aspects of the pattern of the whole.

[11] *Paradise Lost*, IV, 110; the next two phrases quoted are from II, 5–6; III, 309. Of parallelism in the poem, the fullest and best treatment is by Mr. Rajan in his *Paradise Lost and the Seventeenth-Century Reader*; Dr. Tillyard, in his *Studies in Milton*, has added some interesting examples.

[12] *Paradise Lost*, IV, 75.

[13] *Ibid.*, XII, 587. The reflection of the chaos is unmistakable in the emotions of Adam and Eve (IX, 1121–31: "They sate them down to weep," etc.): a fact first noticed by Larsen, in his *Modernity of Milton*, who fails to see its full import. It is significant that the *disorder* of the chaos, not the *perverted order* of hell, is here reflected.

Two final examples of patterning of the middle sort, centring on individual passages, but playing its part in the pattern of larger units, must not be omitted.

The first suggests an unexpected relation to Milton's models, the *Iliad* and the *Aeneid*. Sir John Sheppard has written persuasively of the shield of Achilles, with the animated scenes of its contrasting panels, and of its central role in the pattern of the *Iliad*, as in effect a symbol of that life which the poet saw and depicted.[14] In the hands of Virgil the shield, as imitated in that of Aeneas, assumes a quite different role: it is not a patterned symbol of life with its chances and changes; instead, like the vision of Aeneas in Book VI, which it is thus made to supplement, it becomes a device for pointing the reader forward to the end towards which the whole action is moving, the Rome that is to be. In Milton the *motif* of the shield disappears altogether: Messiah has no need of defensive armour, and Satan's shield, orbed like the moon, is (like the moon) a blank. It is the vision of Aeneas, not his shield, that supplies Milton with a device for presenting, in Book XI, the consequences of the fall. But the vision of Adam differs utterly in content and method from the vision of Aeneas. Yet the vision of Adam is vaguely reminiscent of something—of what can it be? It is reminiscent of the panels on the shield of Achilles.

Cain's slaying of Abel is a perfect panel, with its initial contrast of tillage and pastoral care, its scene of peaceful religious sacrifice, and the sudden incursion of violence.[15] But indeed the whole vision proceeds in a series of scenes, each animated, each presenting an internal balance of contrasted elements, and each contrasting in its turn with the others, precisely in the manner of the Homeric panels. In one of these[16] Homer depicts

> two fair cities of mortal men. In the first were espousals and marriage feasts, where beneath the blaze of torches, and to the sound of hymns, the brides were being led through the streets from their homes, while to flute and lyre youths were whirling in the dance. . . . But the men had gathered in the place of assembly, where two litigants contended about a case of blood-money for a man slain. While the heralds strove for order, the elders sat in the sacred semi-circle, and each came forward at the herald's summons, to give his judgment. . . . And in the midst were two talents of gold, his reward who should speak most righteously. The other city was beleaguered by two armies, whose leaders debated its fate. . . . But the besieged had no thought of surrender and were secretly planning an ambuscade. . . . Finding a place fit for ambush, in the river bed, at the common watering-place for cattle, they in glittering armour took their station and posted two scouts, to spy the coming of the sheep and

[14] See his *Pattern of the Iliad*.
[15] *Paradise Lost*, XI, 429–48.
[16] *Iliad*, XVIII, 490–535.

the cattle with crooked horns. On these came with their two herdsmen, who were playing on their pipes, innocent of danger. When the men in ambush saw them, they rushed out, and headed off the herds of oxen and the fine white flocks, and slew the herdsmen. But when the besiegers, who were sitting in debate, heard the uproar . . . , they mounted behind their high-stepping horses and came up with speed. Then pitched battle raged on the banks of the river, with volleys of bronze-shod spears. And among them Strife and Panic and fell Death were seen. . . .

Dance and nuptial song Milton had provided, where the sons of God loved the daughters of men.[17] Now he proceeds to

> towns, and rural works between,
> Cities of men with lofty gates and tow'rs,
> Concourse in arms, fierce faces threat'ning war. . . .
> Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,
> Single or in array of battle rang'd. . . .
> One way a band select from forage drives
> A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine,
> From a fat meadow ground, or fleecy flock,
> Ewes and their bleating lambs, over the plain,
> Their booty; scarce with life the shepherds fly,
> But call in aid. . . .
> With cruel tournament the squadrons join;
> Where cattle pastur'd late, now scatter'd lies
> With carcases and arms th'ensanguin'd field
> Deserted. Others to a city strong
> Lay siege, encampt; . . .
> others from the wall defend: . . .
> On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.
> In other part, the sceptred heralds call
> To council in the city gates: anon
> Grey-headed men and grave, with warriors mixt,
> Assemble, and harangues are heard, but soon
> In factious opposition, till at last
> Of middle-age one rising, eminent
> In wise deport, spake much of right and wrong,
> Of justice, of religion, truth and peace,
> And judgment from above. Him old and young
> Exploded, and had seiz'd with violent hands
> Had not a cloud descending snatch'd him thence,
> Unseen among the throng. So violence
> Proceeded, and oppression and sword-law,
> . . . and refuge none was found.[18]

Thus Milton elaborates Adam's vision, with Homeric effect, and perhaps with memories of the very panel whose description we have

[17] *Paradise Lost*, XI, 580–96.

[18] *Ibid.*, 639–73. Editors have noticed Milton's borrowing of details from this passage (cf. notes on XI, 638, by Verity, M. Y. Hughes, and others). Michael's

quoted. He is able to gather these hints because, like Homer, but consciously, he is depicting the life of fallen men.

The other example belongs to the human drama of Adam and Eve. When, at the end, repentant and reunited, they set out to face their bleak new world, they go, as everyone remembers, hand in hand; and this is affecting, but doubly affecting as one remembers the scene of their parting just before Eve's fall:

> Thus saying, from her husband's hand her hand
> Soft she withdrew. . . .

The two gestures are symbolic and frame all that has gone between.[19]

More even than in the *Iliad* and the *Aeneid*, if one may hazard an opinion, pattern is of the essence of *Paradise Lost*. It appears in every feature of the poem; its influence can be felt everywhere, and not least in Milton's adaptation of his classical models. In its larger aspects the pattern is at once structural and progressive. But the individual passages—speech or description, invocation or epic simile—manifest, as we have seen, similar qualities in little. Thus they reinforce the pattern of the whole—somewhat as the mighty harmonies of Milton's blank verse are built from paragraphs, each with its own pattern of dominant and recurrent sounds.

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comment (689–99) is in effect a condemnation of the pagan heroic:

> For in those days might only shall be admir'd,
> And valour and heroic virtue call'd;
> To overcome in battle, and subdue
> Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
> Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
> Of human glory, and for glory done
> Of triumph. . . .

[19] *Ibid.*, IX, 385–6, and XII, 648. Once only in the interval Adam and Eve join hands. Significantly, it is in the hour of wantonness following on the fall ("Her hand *he seiz'd*," IX, 1037) which marks their utmost remove from God, from their true selves, and really from each other. With this also the concluding phrase offers its balancing contrast.

PUSHKIN'S *THE GYPSIES*

Translated by A. F. B. Clark

PUSHKIN (1799-1837)—whom all Russians consider their greatest writer, ranking him above Tolstoy, Turgeniev and Dostoievsky—should be better known and appreciated abroad. Unfortunately, unlike his great fellow-countrymen who are *prosateurs*, he wrote his most important works in verse, and poetry—especially Pushkin's kind of poetry, for reasons I shall mention presently—is notoriously like certain French wines, *qui ne voyagent pas*. Yet tolerable versions of most of Pushkin's important works, *Eugene Oniegin, The Bronze Horseman, Boris Godunov, The Little Dramas*, etc., are now available in English; but of *The Gypsies* (1827), which ranks with them among Russian critics, and which is an admirable example of Pushkin's masterly economy in structure and style, no translation of any kind appears to exist. The version presented below is an attempt to fill this gap—provisionally, that is, until a better rendering appears. The task was suggested to me by the late Sir Bernard Pares and has been carried through with the aid of criticisms and suggestions from Professors A. P. Maslow and Earle Birney of the University of British Columbia, Professors Leonid Strakhovsky and Northrop Frye of the University of Toronto, and Professor W. J. Rose of the University of London, to all of whom I here tender my thanks.[1]

The reader of this version must be on guard touching two matters. Pushkin's deceptive simplicity may mislead him into taking *The Gypsies* for a conventional, romantic melodrama of Byronic inspiration exalting free love and Rousseauistic primitivism and denouncing the conventions of civilization. On the contrary, it is a tragi-ironical treatment of the romantic theme of personal "freedom," ending with the old Gypsy's denunciation of the Byronic Aleko as a man who wants "freedom for himself alone." Note how, starting at the fifth line, words like "free," "freedom," "liberty," keep recurring and form a *leit-motiv* which appears in various transformations in the major and minor keys. Then again the Attic limpidity of Pushkin's style—the spare simplicity of the old ballads heightened by the monumental compactness of a highly synthetic language and just seasoned with a dash of eighteenth-century "elegance" (or, as a Russian put it to me, a blend of Voltaire and Novgorod)—this style, when strained through the

[1]This version was read before Section II of the Royal Society of Canada at its annual meeting at Quebec, June 4, 1952.

filter of an analytic language like English which clutters up every line with insignificant, monosyllabic prepositions, articles, particles, etc., may appear in translation merely prosaic and pedestrian. In the original much of the poetic charm comes from the music of the verse which is, of course, almost impossible to reproduce. The metre is the iambic octosyllabic line plus a very intricate rhyme-scheme which has presented almost insurmountable problems to the translator, necessitating in some cases the use of rhyming-words that may seem stilted. Only occasionally, as in lines 18–21, have I attempted to reproduce the alternation of single and double rhymes, which prevails throughout the original. I have found it impossible, also, to avoid occasional poetic archaisms, which are both utterly un-Pushkinian and highly displeasing to modern taste; for these I apologize.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the poem's technique is its anticipation of the methods of cinematic art. The story is told in a rapid series of brief "shots," some descriptive, some narrative, some dramatic, some meditative, some lyric, with two notable examples of the "flash-back" (the Old Man's account of Ovid in exile and his story of his own love-tragedy—the latter, by the way, a good specimen of the "recurrence" technique in narrative).

The story is based, as Pushkin tells us in the Epilogue, on the poet's personal experiences of Gypsy life in southern Russia.

THE GYPSIES

The Gypsies in a noisy throng
Through Bessarabia's prairies roam.
To-night, in tattered tents, along
A river's bank they make their home.
Happy as freedom their repose
And peaceful sleep beneath the sky!
Between the waggon-wheels there glows,
Half-screened by ragged tapestry,
A fire; the women-folk prepare
The supper; on the open plain
The horses graze; the Gypsies' bear
Lies by a tent without a chain.
The lonely steppes are filled with life,
With peaceful tasks of man and wife
Preparing for tomorrow's tramp,
Girls' songs and children's noisy strife,
And ringing anvils of the camp.

But over all the Gypsy host
A sleepy silence soon is weighing,
And on the steppes is heard at most
A barking dog or horses neighing.
The fires have all died out. The night
Is calm. Alone amid the skies
The moon is shining, and her light
Over the still encampment lies.
But in one tent an old man watches;
He sits before his fire and catches
In outstretched hands its fading glow,
And peers into the mist whose patches
Over the distant fields hang low.
His daughter all alone has strayed
Into the wide, deserted plain.
She's used to liberty's slack rein;
She will return; he's not afraid.
But now—it's night; the moon's pale rays
Are fading from the distant skies;
Zemfira still a-roving stays.
Untouched the old man's supper lies.

But there she comes!—And not alone!
A youth is following o'er the plains;
The gypsy sees a face unknown.
"I bring a guest," the girl explains.
"Just where you see yon barrow[2] stand,
I found him in the waste forlorn.
I bade him stay with us till morn.
He wants to join our Gipsy-band;
The law is hard upon his trail,
But I his loving mate shall be.
His name's Aleko; he'll not fail,
Where'er I go, to follow me."

OLD MAN

I'm glad. Remain till night is spent
Beneath the shelter of our tent;
Or stay here longer. You are free
To please yourself. In friendship's proof,
You're welcome to our bread and roof.
Be one of us, and share our fate,

[2]Or "tumulus" (prehistoric monument) = Russian "kurgan."

Where poverty and freedom mate;
Tomorrow in the dawning's glow
All in one waggon off we'll go.
Then choose what task invites you; sing;
Or make the smithy's anvil ring;
Or round the village lead the bear.

ALEKO

I'll stay with you.

ZEMFIRA

Yes, he'll be mine.
And who shall ever part us twain?
But now it's late . . . no longer shine
The young moon's rays; mists hide the plain,
And sleep is stealing o'er my brain. . . .

*

And now it's dawn; the old man, waking,
Wanders around the silent tent.
"Arise, Zemfira, day is breaking;
Awake, my guest, the night is spent.
My children, leave the bed of ease."
Out tumble all the Gypsy-folk;
The tents are taken down; they seize
The horses, put them in the yoke:
All start as at a single stroke.
See, now they're rolling through the plain.
First, carried by a donkey-train
In baskets, children gay with laughter;
Husbands and brothers, wives and maids,
The old, the young, come trudging after.
Cries, buzz of voices, brief refrains,
The growling of the bear, his chains'
Impatient tinkling, motley glare
Of gaudy tatters, bodies bare
Of children and old men, the bark
And howl of dogs, the skirl of pipes,
The creaking of the waggons' gripes—
'Twas all unruly, wild and stark,
Yet so alive, like restless waves,
Unspoiled by our luxurious life
With artifice and folly rife,
Monotonous as chant of slaves.

At times the youth would sadly pause
And gaze across the lonely plain,
And yet his sorrow's hidden cause
He dared not to himself explain.
Dark-eyed Zemfira is his bride;
He's free; his world spreads far and wide;
The sun upon the Gypsy-cart
Is in its noon-day glory shining;
Why, then, oh why the youth's repining
And why the throbbing of his heart?

Happy bird, the heavens cleaving!
Naught it knows of toil or care;
Not for it the task of weaving
Nests enduring in the air.
On a branch all night it drowses;
When the dawn from darkness springs,
Happy bird at God's voice rouses,
Shakes its feathered coat and sings.
After springtime—nature's darling—
Sultry summer takes her turn.
Then the fogs and storm-winds snarling
Late in autumn will return.
Sad are earth's poor sons and daughters;
Happy bird is on the wing.
Warm the land and blue the waters,
Where it finds another spring.

So, like this bird that knew no care,
He too a passing exile there
No safe and trusty shelter knew,
To ordered habits paid no due.
All roads were his, where'er he trod,
All roofs were shelter for the night;
Awaking in the early light,
He gave his day in trust to God.
No anxious care of life could prod
The languor of his soul to flight.
At moments fame's enchanting treasure
Would beckon like a distant star;
Visions of luxury and pleasure
At moments lured him from afar.

Above his solitary head
The thunder often crashed and roared;
But still this carefree life he led,
If skies were blue or deluge poured,
He lived, nor recognized the power
Of Fate, that blind and crafty jade.
But, Heavens! at that very hour
Within his soul what passions played!
With what fermenting force they strain,
From out his tortured breast to break;
How long will they obey the rein?
Ah! wait a little, they'll awake.

*

ZEMFIRA

O say, my love, have you no pity
For all that you have left behind?

ALEKO

What have I left behind?

ZEMFIRA

Your city,
The fatherland of all your kind.

ALEKO

Why pity? If you only knew,
If you yourself could only view
The fettered life of stifling towns!
Penned up in crowds, the people there
Ne'er breathe the fresh, cool, morning air,
Nor springtime scents on grassy downs.
Ashamed to love, afraid to think,
They barter liberty away,
And down before cheap idols sink,
For money—and for chains—to pray.
What have I left behind? Deceit,
And prejudice's court unjust;
The brainless crowd's pursuing feet,
Or all-resplendent vice and lust.

ZEMFIRA

But palaces so vast are there,
And many-coloured carpets too,
And noise of revels, banquets rare,
And maiden's finery rich and new!

ALEKO

The sounds of city revels jar.
Where love is absent, joy's unknown;
And as for maidens. . . . Better far
Are you whom no adornments mar,
No necklace, pearls or precious stone.
Ah! Never change, my tender wife!
And I . . . I have one only prayer—
That we together love and life
And exile freely willed may share.

OLD MAN

You love us, spite of being born
Amidst a people great and rich.
Yet liberty does not bewitch
All men from lap of comfort torn.
A tale we have that proves the same.
From Southern lands an emperor
Did exile here for deed of shame
A man.[3] (I knew but know no more
His strange and unfamiliar name.)
Though he was old in numbered years,
His gentle soul was young and glowing:
His songs divine could draw men's tears,
His voice was like the waters flowing.
He captivated every heart,
And lived upon the Danube's banks,
Nor hurt a soul, but by his art
Of telling tales he won men's thanks.
He could not grasp the simplest thing,
Was weak and timid like a child;
To feed him stranger folk would bring
Their catch of fish or game-birds wild;
Or when the rushing river froze
And winter blasts began to shriek,
His saintly body old and weak
In downy skins they would enclose.
Yet he could never be resigned
To all our rude, untutored ways,
But, haggard, pale, he chafed and pined,
And said that God had cursed his days
In anger for some act of crime.

[3]Ovid, the Roman poet, banished by Augustus to Tomi on the Black Sea.

Ah! Would deliverance come in time?
He grieved and grieved, a man of woe,
As on the Danube's shores he'd stray,
And let the bitter tear-drops flow,
Mourning his city far away,
And made them promise, on the day
He died, that to his Southern land
They'd carry his afflicted bones;
For these were guests that death's own hand
Could give no peace 'neath foreign stones.

ALEKO

So that's the fate that looms above
Thy sons, O Rome! O, Empire hoary!
Ah! Singer of the gods and love,
Ah! Tell me, tell me, what is glory?
Fame's voice? An echo from the mould?
A rumour through the ages sent?
Or, 'neath the roof of smoky tent,
A tale by some wild Gypsy told?

*

Two years have passed. The Gypsies still
In peaceful throng rove east and west.
They find, as ever, when they will,
Both hospitality and rest.
Despising all our social chains,
Aleko is as free as they;
No care and no regret remains;
He wanders on from day to day,
The same for aye, his folk the same;
Forgetting even whence he came,
He makes the Gypsy-ways his own.
He loves their lodgings for the night,
Perpetual idling's sweet delight,
And even the Gypsy's-tongue's soft tone.
The bear—a truant from the lair—
The shaggy partner of his tent,
In villages, on thoroughfare,
Near a Moldavian settlement,
Before a crowd too scared to laugh,
Dances with heavy step and roars
And gnaws his chain and licks his sores.

The old man leaning on his staff
Lazily beats the tambourine,
Aleko leads the bear with song,
Zemfira moves amid the throng,
Its voluntary gifts to glean.
The night has fallen; all the three
Now set to boil their corn unmilled.
The old man's nodding sleepily;
Within the tent all's dark and stilled.

*

The old man warms in April's light
His blood now cold with age's blight.
Beside a cradle gently swinging,
His daughter songs of love is singing.
Aleko listens—and turns white.

ZEMFIRA

Husband old, husband fierce,
Stab me dead, burn me black;
I am tough, I don't fear
Either knife or the fire.

I feel no love for you.
I feel contempt for you;
I love another man;
Though I die—yet I love.

ALEKO

Enough! Now let that singing be!
I do not like that savage song.

ZEMFIRA

Don't like it? What is that to me?
'Tis for myself I sing the song.

Stab me dead, burn me black;
Ne'er will I say a word;
Husband old, husband fierce,
You'll not learn who he is.

Fresher than spring is he,
Hotter than summer's day;
How young and bold he is!
How strong his love for me!

How I did fondle him
In the night's silentness!
How we made merry then
Over your graying hairs!

ALEKO

Zemfira, stop! I've had my fill. . . .

ZEMFIRA

So then you understood my song?

ALEKO

Zemfira! . . .

ZEMFIRA

Storm then if you will.
Yes; 'tis for you I sing the song.
(*Goes out singing, "Husband old, etc."*)

OLD MAN

Now, I remember; yes, this song
Was first composed in our own day;
Since then, to entertain the throng,
Our people often sing this lay.
That self-same song—while wandering
On wintry steppes, at midnight wild—
My Mariula used to sing,
As by the fire she rocked her child.
Within my mind the long-past years
Grow dimmer, dimmer, hour by hour;
But in my memory and my ears
That song has never lost its power.

*

All's still; it's night; the moonbeams shine
Across the azure Southern skies.
The old man wakes to daughter's cries.
"I fear Aleko, father mine!
Listen! in heavy sleep he lies,
Yet all the time he groans and sighs."

OLD MAN

Then touch him not, nor say a word.
A Russian legend I have heard,
That now, upon the midnight hour,
The sleeper's breathing—'tis averred—

Is sore oppressed by goblin's power.
Before the dawn the elf departs.

ZEMFIRA

I hear him say "Zemfira," too.

OLD MAN

Even in sleep he's seeking you;
He holds you in his heart of hearts.

ZEMFIRA

My heart for him no longer burns;
It's weary and for freedom yearns.
Already I. . . . Keep still! He's uttering
Another name.

OLD MAN

Whose name?

ZEMFIRA

He's muttering
And groaning as he twists and turns. . . .
He grinds his teeth. . . . 'Tis dreadful! I
Shall wake him.

OLD MAN

It is vain to try
To drive away the elf of night;
'Twill go itself, ere morning break.

ZEMFIRA

He's stirring, calling; he's awake.
I'll go to him.—Now sleep. Good-night!

*

ALEKO

Where were you?

ZEMFIRA

By my father's side.
Some evil sprite was plaguing you.
In sleep your soul was sorely tried
By some tormentor, and I grew
Alarmed. In sleep your teeth you gnashed,
And called me.

ALEKO

'Twas of you I dreamed.
I saw, as though between us flashed. . . .
I saw—ah! visions dread they seemed.

ZEMFIRA

Do not believe a night-mare wraith.

ALEKO

I can believe in nothing now;
Neither in dream nor pledge of faith,
Nor even in your heart, I trow.

*

OLD MAN

Why, foolish youth, this mournful sound
Of sighs and groans by day and night?
Here men are free, the sky is bright,
The women's beauty is renowned.
Don't weep; for grief brings evil lot.

ALEKO

Father! Zemfira loves me not!

OLD MAN

Take comfort, friend; she's but a child.
Your ill-advised despair restrain.
You love in travail and in pain;
But woman's heart is light and wild.
Look up; 'neath Heaven's distant arch
The moon is riding fair and free;
Over all nature in her march
She sheds her glory equally.
At any passing cloud she glances
And lights it up with rainbow-hues,
Then to another cloud she dances,
And still a third with light endues.
Now, who will on the heaven's chart
Mark her a place, and say: "There stay"?
Or who will say to maiden's heart
"Love only one, and love alway"?
Take comfort.

ALEKO

How she used to love!
How, in the desert silence, pressed
So passionately to my breast,
She lay all night like tender dove!
Or, full of child-like gaiety,
How often with her darling talk

Or with a rapturous kiss she'd mock
My melancholy gravity!
And now! Zemfira is not true!
My own Zemfira has grown cold.

OLD MAN

Now listen, and I shall unfold
A tale about myself to you.
Long, long ago, ere Muscovite
Had threatened yet the Danube's shore—
You see, Aleko, I recite
A sorrow from the days of yore—
We dreaded then the Sultan's power
And Boojakom Pashaw held sway
And ruled from Akerman's high tower.
A youth was I; the livelong day
My soul was filled with radiant joy,
And not a hair among my curls
Had yet turned grey; while still a boy,
Among the young and lovely girls,
My heart chose one . . . but long did pine
And worship her like Heaven's sun,
Before at last I called her mine.

Alas! How swift, how swift, my son,
My youth flashed by like falling star!
But you, O hour of love, passed far
Far swifter by; 'twas but a year
Ere Mariula's love grew cool.

Once, by the waters of Kagool,
A stranger Gypsy-troop drew near;
They pitched their tents—'twas Heaven's will—
Beside our own upon the hill.
Two nights we camped together there.
Upon the third night off they went.
Leaving her child within the tent,
With them Mariula forth did fare.
I slept in peace, all unaware.
The dawn awaked me—she is gone!
I search, I call—no trace; alone
I'm left. I hear Zemfira crying.

I'm crying too! But since that hour,
All other maiden's love denying,
And set afree from passion's power,
I never chose another mate,
Nor shared my solitary fate
With any other living soul.

ALEKO

Can it be true you took no toll
Of vengeance, started no pursuit,
And plunged no dagger in the brute
Abductor and his faithless troll?

OLD MAN

Why? Free as birds are girl and boy.
What power of man can love restrain?
To each in turn is given joy.
What was will never be again.

ALEKO

Far different I. Without a fight
I never shall renounce my right;
Or else in vengeance I shall revel.
If o'er the sea's abyss profound
My foe perchance asleep I found,
I swear, even then, the cursèd devil
Would not be spared by foot of mine.
Without a qualm in ocean's brine
I'd hurl him, helpless at my feet.
The sudden terror of his waking
With cruel, laughing scorn I'd greet.
Long would I hear,—my vengeance slaking,—
The echo of his fall ring sweet.

*

YOUNG GYPSY

Just one more kiss!

ZEMFIRA

Our time is fleeting.
My husband's fierce and jealous too.

GYPSY

Just one. . . . A long one! Pretty sweeting.

ZEMFIRA

Be off—or he'll discover you.

GYPSY

Say—when shall we again be meeting?

ZEMFIRA

This evening; when the moon has set,
Behind the barrow, on the tomb. . . .

GYPSY

She'll never come. She'll cheat me yet.

ZEMFIRA

Now run—I see his figure loom!

*

Aleko sleeps. Before him rise
Fell visions—a tumultuous band.
Awaking in the dark, he cries,
And stretches forth a jealous hand;
But all his hand can grasp is cold,
Bare sheets. He cannot understand—
His love has vanished from the fold. . . .
Trembling, he raises up his head
And listens. . . . All is silence. Dread
Enfolds him. Waves of hot and chill
Flow over him. He rises, quits
The tent and round the waggons flits,
A figure dread; the fields are still;
The night is black; the moon's disk hides
Behind a fog-bank; starlight pale
Just twinkles; in the dew a trail
Just visible to the barrows guides.
He follows with impatient wrath
Where leads the dread ill-omened path.

White as a ghost beside the road,
Far off before him gleams the tomb.
Thither he drags—a heavy load!—
His limbs, oppressed by sense of doom.
His lips are trembling—and his knees.
Still he goes on . . . till . . . Ah! He dreams!
Two shadows suddenly he sees
Close by and close-by whispers seems
On the dishonoured grave to hear.

1ST VOICE

It's time—

2ND VOICE

No, stay!

1ST VOICE

It's time, my dear—

2ND VOICE

No, stay until the morning break.

1ST VOICE

It's late.

2ND VOICE

You love but timidly.
One moment more!

1ST VOICE

You'll ruin me.

2ND VOICE

One moment!

1ST VOICE

If my husband wake
And find me gone. . . .

ALEKO

I am awake.
You're going? Where? Why such to-do?
This tomb is just the place for you.

ZEMFIRA

O fly, O fly, my lover!

ALEKO

Stop!
Where would you go, my boyish fop?
Lie there!

(*Plunges his knife into him.*)

ZEMFIRA

Aleko!

GYPSY

I am slain!

ZEMFIRA

Aleko! Would you murder him?
O, look; with blood you're all bespattered!
What have you done?

ALEKO

As if it mattered!
Now revel in your love for him. . . .

ZEMFIRA

No, that's enough; I'm far above
All fear of you; your threats are vain,
Upon your head the curse of Cain. . . .

ALEKO

Then die yourself! (*Stabs her.*)

ZEMFIRA

I'll die—in love.

* * *

The eastern sky, with daybreak ruddy,
Resplendent shone. Behind the hill,
Aleko, knife in hand, all bloody,
Was sitting on the tombstone still.
Two corpses at his feet were lying;
The killer's face was ill to see;
The Gypsy-folk, alarmed and sighing,
Had gathered 'round him timidly;
A grave was being dug nearby.
In tears came women, one by one,
And kissed each dead and sightless eye.
The aged father sat alone
And on the dead girl gazed like stone,
Prostrate in sorrow dumb and dry.
They lifted up the corpses cold,
Then bore them off, and in the mould
Of earth they laid the youthful pair.
Aleko from the distance viewed
The scene. And when the mourners strewed
Their final earthen tribute there,
He lurched, and, like a lifeless mass,
Fell from the stone upon the grass.

Then the old man, approaching, cried:
"Begone from us, you man of pride!
Wild folk are we, we have no laws,
We torture not nor put to death,
Bloodshed and groans we never cause.
We'll breathe no murderer's tainted breath.
For our wild ways you were not born;
Freedom—except your own—you scorn.
We'd shudder at your voice alone:
We're mild and kindly; you extol
Revenge and recklessness;—begone!
Farewell! And peace be with your soul."

He said; and instantly the whole
Wild band of Gypsies took their flight
From out that vale of dreadful night,
And soon upon the distant lea
Had disappeared. One waggon only,
Covered with shabby tapestry,
Upon the fatal field stood lonely.
So, sometimes, ere fierce winter lower,
Upon the misty, morning hour,
When up there rises from the plains
A covey of belated cranes,
That, screaming, far to Southward wind,
Pierced through by the destroying lead,
One sad, lone bird is left behind,
With wounded wing and hanging head.
The night came down; the evening fire
In the dark cart none came to lay.
None came to raise the cover higher
And rest in sleep till break of day.

* * *

EPILOGUE

By poetry's all-powerful magic,
From memory's mists of yesteryear,
Visions of days now gay, now tragic,
Take shapes that I've embodied here.
In lands where echoes dread of wars

For long, long years ne'er silent grew,
Where by his might the Russian Mars
Assigned Stamboul a frontier new,
Where our twin-headed eagle hoary
Still screams abroad our ancient glory,
I used to meet upon the lea,
Where trace of ancient dwellings stands,
The peaceful carts of Gypsy-bands,
Those sons of modest liberty.
After their lazy troupes I crept
Quite often in the desert-wastes.
I shared their simple food and tastes,
And by their fires I often slept.
During our journeys slow I came
To love their joyous, wistful songs,
And Mariula's tender name
I learned by heart and cherished long.
But even for you no happiness,
Poor sons of nature, ever gleams,
And under tattered tents no less
Than elsewhere live tormenting dreams;
Not even your nomadic homes
In desert wastes escape disaster,
And everywhere fell Passion roams,
And of the Fates no man is master.

*
* *

CHAUCER'S *MANCIPLE'S TALE* AS PART OF A CANTERBURY GROUP

WAYNE SHUMAKER

CHAUCER'S *Manciple's Tale*, which is certainly not one of its author's major works in point either of length or of human richness, has had few admirers. J. M. Manly spoke in a critical tradition when he called it "a very early chip from Chaucer's workshop, hewn off when he was still struggling to master the rhetorical principles and practices of Matthieu de Vendôme and Geoffroi de Vinsauf."[1] Accordingly it is not surprising that the tale has received little scholarly attention. I wish in the present paper to suggest that together with its *Prologue* it is linked to the *Parson's Prologue* and *Tale* and the *Retraction*; that, in fact, the five constitute a natural and consciously intended group, less interesting, perhaps, than the Marriage Group but as closely knit and full of meaningful implications about Chaucer's final attitudes toward poetry and life. Two serious objections will arise, however, and upon these I must also comment briefly.

The perception of continuity in Fragments IX and X began with notice of a plot twist in the *Manciple's Tale* that had escaped my attention in earlier readings, when my mind had been partly diverted from the plain story by concentration upon matters traditionally emphasized in scholarly discussion—date, sources, rhetorical structure, the identity of Bobbe-up-and-doun, the oddity of the Cook's being called on for a second tale, the question whether the pilgrims were then arriving at or leaving Canterbury, and so on. Why, I asked myself, did Chaucer permit Phoebus to base his repentance for the murder of his wife on the delusion that she had been innocent? It will be remembered that Phoebus does not, as in the Ovidian versions of the story, learn after the murder that along with his wife he had also killed an unborn son. Neither does he forgive the wife's sin with her leman because of the quick running of pity into his gentle heart. He does not even avail himself of a principle that might seem to have been introduced earlier for the express purpose of softening the wife's guilt here —a principle thrice illustrated by exempla of a caged bird, a cat, and a she-wolf:

> 'ther may no man embrace
> As to destreyne a thyng which that nature
> Hath natureelly set in a creature.[2]

[1] *Some New Light on Chaucer* (New York, 1926), 257–8.

[2] Ll. 160–2 in F. N. Robinson's text, *The Complete Works of Geoffrey Chaucer* (Boston, 1933), to which all textual references will hereafter be made.

Instead, Phoebus' repentance turns on the belief Coronis had been maligned by the crow. "O deere wyf!" exclaims Phoebus,

> That were to me so sad and eek so trewe,
> Now listow deed, with face pale of hewe,
> *Ful giltelees,* that dorste I swere, ywys! . . .
> O trouble wit, *o ire recchelees,*
> *That unavysed smyteth gilteles!* (274–80)

But the reader knows the wife not to have been guiltless. He has been present, so to speak, at the commission of the adulterous act. And this at first seems awkward, for the result of Phoebus' misapprehension is the climactic action of the story, the crow's punishment, which obviously is meant to clinch a point, to prove a moral thesis. How can a moral thesis be proved by punishment growing out of a misunderstanding? Should not Phoebus' desire to avenge himself on the crow have been made compatible with an understanding of the actual situation?

The answer depends on the moral thesis. If Chaucer had meant the fictive events to demonstrate the impropriety of spreading false gossip, any misapprehension would have been fatal, for the distinction between truth and falsity would have been highly significant. The real point, however, is one to which the difference between truth-speaking and falsehood-speaking is irrelevant. "My sone," the Manciple quotes his mother as having instructed him, "be war, and be noon auctour newe Of tidynges, *wheither they been false or trewe*" (359–60). Let things be. Don't jangle. Don't speak carelessly, don't talk for the sake of talking.

> My sone, God of his endelees goodnesse
> Walled a tonge with teeth and lippes eke,
> For man sholde hym avyse what he speeke. (322–4)

The crow spoke truthfully, but he said too much, and by doing so earned his punishment. Accordingly Phoebus' disbelief in his wife's guilt, expressed more positively in Chaucer's version of the story than in any of his suggested sources,[3] by refuting an easy misapprehension assists rather than hinders the development of the moral thesis. That thesis, first illustrated by the fictive events and then explicated in detail by the Manciple, is not that the truth ought to be scrupulously respected or even that the spreading of gossip about one's neighbours is dangerous. It is broader and more uncompromising: a careful watch ought to be put on the tongue at all times, and in all circumstances.

[3]In Machaut alone is there a hint of a similar misapprehension. See W. F. Bryan and Germaine Dempster, *Sources and Analogues of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales* (Chicago, 1941), 715 (*Le Livre du voir dit*, 8098–9).

To what proportion of readers this interpretation will be new I am unable to estimate. In due time I learned that a similar interpretation had been urged by Gardiner Stillwell;[4] and perhaps many readers have always taken this thesis for granted. At any rate, when the interpretation is checked against the whole of the Manciple's explication, doubts are quickly dispelled.

> The firste vertu, sone, if thou wolt leere,
> Is to restreyne and kepe wel thy tonge; . . . .
> My sone, of muchel spekyng yvele avysed,
> Ther lasse spekyng hadde ynough suffised,
> Comth muchel harm; . . . .
> In muchel speche synne wanteth naught. . . .
> A jangler is to God abhomynable.
> Reed Salomon, so wys and honurable;
> Reed David in his psalmes, reed Senekke. . . .
> Dissimule as thou were deef, if that thou heere
> A janglere speke of perilous mateere.
> The Flemyng seith, and lerne it if thee leste,
> That litel janglyng causeth muchel reste. (332–50)

The stress, we perceive, is by no means on "tidynges" (gossip) but on "janglyng" (loose or excessive speaking) in all its forms. *Be careful what you say.* The exhortation is limited in only one way.

> My sone, thy tonge sholdestow restreyne
> At alle tymes, but whan thou doost thy peyne
> To speke of God, in honour and preyere. (329–31)

If we now put the *Manciple's Tale* in context with the *Parson's Prologue* and *Tale* and the *Retraction*, which follow it regularly in the manuscripts, is not the relevance of the Manciple's thesis to Fragment X immediately clear? First of all, the Parson, who so far as we know had assented readily to the Host's proposal of wholesale storytelling, refuses flatly to speak for any purpose other than that authorized by the Manciple's exception. "Thou getest fable noon ytoold for me!" (*Parson's Prologue*, 31). Did not St. Paul reprove those who "weyven soothfastnesse, And tellen fables and swich wrecchednesse" (33–4)? For himself, he will not sow chaff out of his fist when he could as easily sow wheat. In dramatic terms, the Parson shows himself to have been moved by the Manciple's exhortations: either helped by them to a new moral insight or, as is much more likely, reminded by them of an old moral conviction with which he had compromised in assenting to the Host's plan. His wish is now to show the pilgrims the way to a holier city than Canterbury, the celestial Jerusalem itself;

[4] See "Analogues to Chaucer's Manciple's Tale," *Philological Quarterly*, XIX (April, 1940), especially p. 133.

hence he will speak "moralitee and vertuous mateere" (38). He will speak, that is to say, in the only way not condemned by the Manciple, and at the length permitted to moral disquisition, in "honour and preyere," for the glory of God. After the pilgrims have consented to hear him he begins his tale with a quotation from Jeremiah: "Stondeth upon the weyes, and seeth and axeth of olde pathes (that is to seyn, of olde sentences) which is the goode wey, and walketh in that wey, and ye shall fynde refresshynge for youre soules." We note here an explicit recommendation, certainly not ironic, of precisely the kind of hackneyed *sententiae* the Manciple has sometimes been criticized for voicing. For the man, however, who "thurgh synne hath mysgoon fro the righte wey of Jerusalem celestial"—the destination to which the Parson had just undertaken in his *Prologue* to show the path—there is one certain way, that of penitence. Next follows, appropriately, a descriptive and explanatory treatise on Penitence, which includes advice about how to recognize and overcome each of the Seven Deadly Sins; and finally we hear the undisguised voice of Chaucer himself, still speaking immediately to the Manciple's point. "I biseke yow mekely, for the mercy of God, that ye preye for me that Crist have mercy on me and foryeve me my giltes; and namely of my translacions and enditynges of worldly vanitees, the whiche I revoke." The poet intends to sin no more in that way. Instead he begs Christ and his blissful Mother and all the saints of Heaven that they send him grace "to biwayle my giltes, and to studie to the salvacioun of my soule, and graunte me grace of verray penitence"—penitence of the kind the Parson has just described at length—"so that I may been oon of hem at the day of doom that shulle be saved." Everything hangs beautifully together if the Manciple is recognized to have aimed his remarks not at gossiping or lying but at loose speaking generally, including frivolous story-telling like that of which the Manciple's creator had himself so often been guilty: story-telling like much of that in *The Canterbury Tales*, already circulating in manuscript and beyond Chaucer's power to recall.

Thus far with regard to the connection of the *Manciple's Tale* with the *Parson's Prologue* and *Tale* and of all three with the *Retraction*. There remains, however, one other element of Fragment IX, the *Manciple's Prologue*. No doubt it is conceivable that a Canterbury group should begin within one of the manuscript fragments instead of at the beginning. One's expectation, however, is that the fragments will have been put together in accordance with some structural plan; that the compositional scheme will not cut across, though it may sometimes transcend, the arrangement of manuscript sheets into piles

or bundles. Can a function be discovered for the *Manciple's Prologue* in the structure of meaning just summarized?

At first thought the answer appears to be "No." The Cook's drowsiness, his inability to sit his horse safely, his stinking breath, his eagerness to take a hair of the dog, apparently have little to do with exhortations to use one's tongue diplomatically. Moreover, the Manciple himself, who in a moment is to utter the exhortations, speaks in a way the very opposite of diplomatic. "Thy visage," he says scornfully to the Cook,

> is ful pale,
> Thyne eyen daswen eek, as that me thynketh,
> And, wel I woot, thy breeth ful soure stynketh,
> That sheweth wel thou art nat wel disposed.
> Of me, certeyn, thou shalt nat been yglosed.
> See how he gáneth, lo! this dronken wight,
> As though he wolde swolwe us anonright.
> Hoold cloos thy mouth, man, by thy fader kyn!
> The devel of helle sette his foot therin! (30–8)

And so on for several more lines. The vituperation is so excessive that it calls forth protest from the Host, himself a man overmuch given to jangling. The Manciple is at once repentant and apologizes, only to return to the attack more indirectly, by playing a derisive joke on the Cook. Between such conduct and the conduct recommended immediately afterwards in the *Tale* there is obviously no harmony.

That, I suggest, is exactly the point. Nothing is so like a hole as a swelling; and the *Prologue* is connected with the *Tale* not by similarity but by meaningful contrast. The human tendency to excessive and troublesome speech condemned in the *Tale* is demonstrated in the *Prologue* by the inability of the moralist himself, a *persona* standing for his creator, to keep his talking within bounds. The Manciple is not hypocritical, does not preach an attitude he does not sincerely believe desirable. His speeches in the *Prologue* begin with admirable restraint —the first, for example, as follows:

> . . . if it may doon ese
> To thee, sire Cook, and to no wight displese,
> Which that heere rideth in this compaignye,
> And that oure Hoost wole, of his curteisye,
> I wol as now excuse thee of thy tale. (25–9)

These are polite and kindly words, uncomplicated by any latent malice. The Manciple's temperament, however, is critical and irascible, and he cannot maintain the attitude dictated by his moral convictions. "Your eyes blink, your breath stinks, your mouth yawns": these are

his perceptions, and his self-control is unequal, once his tongue has been given rein, to the task of leaving them and the moral judgment implicit within them unspoken. After the Host's reproof he takes a second grip on himself.

> Yet hadde I levere payen for the mare
> Which he rit on, than he sholde with me stryve.
> I wol nat wratthen hym, also moot I thryve!
> That that I spak, I seyde it in my bourde. (78–81)

But his grip again loosens as the idea of the derisive joke occurs to him; direct verbal attack having aroused disapproval, he now finds relief in action. Thus we see in the situation which evoked the mythological exemplum a second illustration on the purely human level of the necessity for restraint in speaking. The Manciple knew perfectly well his ethical responsibility to guard his tongue; nevertheless he was unable, as Chaucer now also felt himself to have been unable, to inhibit sufficiently an instinctive drive to verbalize his perceptions.

In this way the fifth element, the *Manciple's Prologue*, can be brought into organic relation with the other four elements of Fragments IX and X and the Canterbury group made round and complete. The *Manciple's Tale* is an excellent preparation for the *Parson's Prologue*, and the *Manciple's Prologue* dramatically illustrative of the *Manciple's Tale*. The *Parson's Prologue*, in turn, is excellent preparation for the *Parson's Tale*, and the *Retraction* a fitting conclusion for all four. There is a clear continuity of theme: fictive demonstration and explication in the *Manciple's Prologue* and *Tale*, action in accordance with the established principle in the *Parson's Prologue* and *Tale*, and finally, in the *Retraction*, an announcement that the author is willing to sustain his moral thesis unconditionally, outside the limits of his aesthetic structure. All the parts of Fragments IX and X co-operate to say, "I have written too much, and unwisely, and I confess my fault before God and men."

So far on the basis of implicit meaning, or thought content, alone. But there is other evidence which demands consideration. Specifically, there is first of all evidence about dating. If, as is generally believed, the *Manciple's Tale* was written early and the *Retraction*, if genuine, very late, perhaps when Chaucer was actually on his deathbed, it may seem impossible that the connection between the two writings is close. Secondly, there is evidence from tone. Did Chaucer intend the Manciple's advice to be taken soberly?

Let us consider the objections in order. On the assumption that the *Manciple's Tale* was written early and the *Retraction* in 1399 or 1400, the temporal distance of the two does present an obstacle. The

obstacle is not, however, insurmountable. For example, one may imagine Chaucer, very late in his poetic career, to have undergone a revulsion of feeling against worldliness. Many parts of *The Canterbury Tales* must have been impossible to recall even if the new piety was strong enough to motivate actual destruction of the manuscripts. "Thyng that is seyd is seyd," said the Manciple, "and forth it gooth, Though hym repente, or be hym leef or looth" (355–6).[5] What could be done to retrieve the situation? Well, something could be achieved by editing and patching. The Parson could be assigned a long treatise on penitence, already written and put away in some drawer or chest, and this treatise could be connected by a prologue to whatever tale had formerly stood last. If the feast were knitted up in this way, there would be attached to the offending stories, at first only in the poet's manuscript but later, no doubt, in other manuscripts as well, a concluding "tale" in prose which would serve the double purpose of introducing the intended palinode and of recommending to the readers of the frivolous stories the penitential disciplines by which the author hoped to make partial amends for having written irresponsibly. If by chance the *Manciple's Tale* stood last at the moment this decision was made (or not by chance, Chaucer having always intended to repent in due course of time), our speculative reconstruction is already complete. The *Parson's Prologue* would have been written as a transition between the *Manciple's Tale* and the treatise on penitence, the *Retraction* would have been added to the treatise, and the group would have stood in its present form. It is possible, however, that at the time the revision was undertaken the *Manciple's Tale* occupied some other position. We remember that "Manciple" was written over an erasure in the Hengwrt manuscript and that in the Christ Church manuscript the Yeoman is named instead of the Manciple. To cover this eventuality we must speculate further. Wherever the *Manciple's Tale* stood, it almost certainly floated, was not firmly attached to another fragment at either end. Chaucer's eye may have fallen on it as he went through his papers; he may have remembered with satisfaction that in it he had first illustrated and then explicitly stated the moral doctrine now emphasized in the *Parson's Tale* and *Retraction*. It would have been the work only of a minute to insert the *Manciple's Tale* before the newly written *Parson's Prologue* and to substitute "Manciple" for whatever other name had been written in the first line. Having done so, he might feel that he had done enough. The *Retraction* would not

[5]There is a tradition, dating back at least to 1348, that on his deathbed Chaucer bewailed his inability to recall his manuscripts. "Ve michi! Ve michi! quia revocare nec destruere jam potero illa que mala scripsi," etc. See Mary Edith Thomas, *Medieval Skepticism and Chaucer* (New York, 1950), 100 and note 38.

now come as a shock or be suspected of spuriousness. It would be prepared for by two tales and their prologues, hence would be taken at face value.[6]

Although speculative, the foregoing reconstruction is by no means fantastic. If it is less simple than could be wished, we may remind ourselves that the real history of the *Canterbury* manuscripts may be much more complicated than any history that can be put together from extant scraps of evidence. It is unnecessary, however, to insist on the accuracy of the reconstruction. What I have wished to show is merely that an objection to the proposed interpretation on the basis of an assumed early dating of the *Manciple's Tale* is far from conclusive. Whenever Chaucer wrote the *Tale*, he may have decided finally to use it as thematically preparatory to the *Parson's Tale* and *Retraction*. The first of the two objections is therefore actually irrelevant.

So far the probability of an early dating has been granted. Early composition is, however, very far from being positively established.

The largest body of evidence for an early date has been brought together by Gustav Plessow, who in 1929 published the *Tale* separately, with German translation and an elaborate commentary. Apparently no one has gone either beyond or behind his arguments for a date earlier than 1383–4.[7] Yet the only two factual conclusions cited by Plessow as proof of early composition lack real significance for dating. First, the *Manciple's Tale* is a trifle upon which Chaucer imposed *Aufgeschwollenheit* by the aid of orthodox rhetorical amplification. No doubt, but it does not follow, as Plessow assumes, that the *Tale* must be an apprentice piece. Chaucer did not work steadily away from the observance of rhetorical rules. The *Second Nun's Prologue* and *Tale*, which contain only some 20 to 30 per cent of rhetoric, are usually dated in the early 1370's, whereas the *Wife of Bath's Tale*, which is 50 per cent rhetoric, is assigned to the early 1390's.[8] Secondly, the *Manciple's Tale* contains borrowings from the *Roman de la Rose*. True, but we need not believe the *Tale* and Chaucer's translation of the *Roman* on that account to be nearly contemporary. Before the invention of printing rereading must have been more common than now, when great stores of unopened volumes lie within every scholar's

[6]This reconstruction would perhaps account for the fact that the *Manciple's Tale*, although short, is made to require many hours in the telling: Chaucer was hurried and no longer interested in details.

[7]Gustav Plessow, *Des Haushälters Erzählung* (Berlin and Leipzig, 1929), 161–2.

[8]For the usual dates see Robinson's notes, pp. 862 and 801. For the proportions of rhetoric see J. M. Manly, "Chaucer and the Rhetoricians," *Proceedings of the British Academy* (London), 1926, 107. The whole of Manly's essay deserves study.

reach and exasperate his sense of inadequacy.[9] The assumption that Chaucer read the *Roman* intensively at some time in the 1370's or early 1380's and then laid it aside forever is not likely to be sound. For all Plessow's scholarship, the ultimate grounds of his dating are subjective; and if subjective considerations are to weigh, one may prefer Furnivall's guess that "the Manciple's Tale, with its prosy moralizing at the end, must have been written late in the poet's life."[10]

The objection from ironic tonality is harder to answer briefly. Its gist is the contention that to take the Manciple's advice seriously is to be insensitively literal, to make earnest of game. The Manciple was a "gabby little meddler,"[11] not a man to whose moralizing any non-dramatic seriousness should be attached.

Since space is limited, the discussion of this point must be confined to the concluding *sententiae*. The ironies in the body of the *Tale* either support a literal reading of the *sententiae*, which are crucial to the proposed interpretation, or are irrelevant to it. For example, the interpretation grew out of the discovery of dramatic irony in Phoebus' repentance for having killed his wife; but the Manciple's pretence that he spoke his three little exempla of the bird, the cat, and the she-wolf to illustrate the strength only of male appetites ought not to be understood as indicating that throughout the *Tale* what is said is the opposite of what is meant.

Is it possible, for example, that the *sententiae* contain the simplest kind of irony, that of inversion? Only a little experimentation is necessary to convince one that the notion is untenable. "Always tell other men when their wives are unfaithful so as to win their affection. Guard your tongue and lose your friend. God walled the tongue with teeth and lips to show that we ought to speak recklessly. . . ." This will not do. If the Manciple had phrased his maxims so, we would have understood at once that he intended us to invert them. And, significantly—so significantly, indeed, that I think we need not examine a wide range of other possible ironic readings—we would not then have objected to the maxims. It is the manner of the moral statements, not their matter, that is unpalatable.

The discovery points to a limitation in the modern understanding of Chaucer. It has come to be thought, as the result of post-Kantian aesthetic speculation, that poetry ought to be structurally complex;

[9]Moreover, the borrowings are chiefly from parts of the *Roman* Chaucer is not known to have translated. See Plessow, 160–2.

[10]F. J. Furnivall, "The Order of Chaucer's Work," *Athenaeum*, no. 2294 (Oct. 14, 1871), 495.

[11]Marchette Chute, *Geoffrey Chaucer of England* (New York, 1946), 308.

that, in fact, the achievement of structural complexity is one of its prime aims. Irony, by permitting an interplay of surface and hidden meanings, helps enormously toward this end. In Chaucer's time, however, the emphasis of poetic theory was not on complexity but on persuasiveness or impressiveness. The test of a poet's skill was his ability to move his auditors, not his success in inspiring them to beg copies of the manuscript so that they could puzzle out at scholarly leisure the reciprocations of an elaborate aesthetic plan. And so, although Chaucer's poetry is sometimes as ironic as the modern reader could wish, it is also sometimes disturbingly simple and straightforward. It is especially likely to become simple when, as in the conclusion of the *Manciple's Tale*, its subject-matter is the moral truths to which men seem, five and a half centuries ago, so readily to have responded. I do not deny that there is some complexity even here; but it is the assertion of a pervasive irony of negation, not the assumption that the passage means what it appears to say, that would require detailed substantiation.

I submit, then, that neither the objection from a supposed early date of composition for the *Manciple's Tale* nor that from ironic tonality refutes the suggested interpretation of the *Tale*, together with its *Prologue* and the *Parson's Prologue* and *Tale*, as belonging with the *Retraction* in a Canterbury "group." If I am right in believing that no other disabling objections can be offered, it follows that the interpretation may be tentatively accepted provided only that acceptance results in an accruing of value to the literary document of which the five compositional units are parts.

That value does accrue is hardly open to question. Much is gained by drawing together the last sixth of a work which because of its length, the looseness of the announced structure, and its unfinished state has always tended to break into disconnected elements. The discovery of other more meaningful plans inhering within the announced plan is an aesthetic good precisely as it is good for the panels of a triptych to form a large whole as well as three small wholes. The superimposing of a large pattern over the small patterns increases the quantity both of design and of meaning without resulting in any counterbalancing loss. In exactly the same way Fragments IX and X are given added richness by an interpretation which makes all possible capital of their connections. The only conceivable disadvantage is the necessity of admitting that at the end of his life Chaucer valued Christianity more than art, or tried to value it more; but the probability has always been strong that the *Retraction* was genuine.

THE STRUCTURE OF *A PASSAGE TO INDIA*

HUGH MACLEAN

THE meaning of Forster's *A Passage to India* has been progressively illuminated by the chief critics of the novel. Rose Macaulay admired the book mainly for its "sheer beauty," but noticed also its merits as a psychological novel, though considering these "damaged by over-mystification and queerness." Lionel Trilling discovered that the book was not limited to India, but was "about all of human life." The late E. K. Brown demonstrated the presence of an intricate symbolic pattern which threads through the novel and gives it form. Any discussion of *A Passage to India* must depend heavily on Professor Brown's interpretation. The present article is no exception. But the methods of that study may be extended to throw further light on the novel. Specifically, it is suggested that *A Passage to India* reflects the approach and mood of Whitman's poem *Passage to India* more closely than has been indicated; that the claims of emotion, logic, and intuition to be central in man's search for the meaning of life are critically examined in successive divisions of the book; that the pattern of symbolism outlined by Professor Brown is capable of considerable elaboration; and that what happens to Mrs. Moore in the cave is not so much evil in itself as it is a necessary preparation for the consequent freeing of good influences to act in a way previously impossible.

Whitman's *Passage to India* begins by linking present with past, and by asserting the constancy of "God's purpose" through time. Praise of explorers and adventurers gradually gives way to an invitation to "the soul" to embark on parallel, but profounder, journeys. The poet suggests that only by plumbing the deepest mysteries of "primal thought," behind even the sacred books of ancient India, may the soul at last unite with divine all-embracing power, and so accomplish a "passage to more than India." The poem moves successively past action, emotion, and reason, to a satisfying intuition. The deeds of da Gama and his kind are praised, but

> not your deeds only O voyagers, O scientists and inventors,
> shall be justified,
> All these hearts as of fretted children shall be sooth'd,
> All affection shall be fully responded to . . .
> Nature and Man shall be disjoin'd and diffused no more. . . .

As an activeness which springs largely from emotional desire yields to a more scientific and thoughtful exploorativeness, Whitman sings of

> Doubts to be solv'd, the map incognita, blanks to be fill'd,
> The foot of man unstay'd, the hands never at rest . . .
> Something swelling in humanity now like the sap of the earth in spring. . . .

But the soul must go beyond this, seeking

> the voyage of the mind's return,
> To reason's early paradise,
> Back, back, to wisdom's birth, to innocent intuitions,
> Again with fair creation.

Not only the title of Forster's novel but its theme and even its structure are reflected in *Passage to India*. The second section sets out the three-part division adopted by Forster.

> O you temples fairer than lilies pour'd over by the rising sun!
> O you fables spurning the known, eluding the hold of the known, mounting to heaven!
> You lofty and dazzling towers, pinnacled, red as roses, burnished with gold!

This, in reverse, is Forster's approach to the various Indias: sensuous mosques, appealing to the emotional Aziz; fabled caves, "eluding the hold of the known," beyond Fielding's grasp; temples "fairer" to the soul than a beauty purely natural. The instruments of vision are parallel in Whitman and Forster. "Unloos'd dreams" prepare Aziz for his encounter with Mrs. Moore. She in turn finds completeness after death through the "far-darting beams of the spirit" emanating from Godbole. The novel's theme is stated in this same section of the poem.

> Lo, soul, seest thou not God's purpose from the first?
> The earth to be spann'd, connected by network,
> The races, neighbors, to marry and be given in marriage,
> The oceans to be cross'd, the distant brought near,
> The lands to be welded together.

Since Forster ironically compares Whitman's ideal with the meagre actuality of Anglo-India, this vision does not universally take place in the novel. The people in the first part are baffled and uneasy, as are Whitman's races of men:

> Wandering, yearning, curious, with restless explorations,
> With questionings, baffled, formless, feverish, with never-happy hearts,
> With that sad incessant refrain, *Wherefore unsatisfied soul?* and *Whither O mocking life?*

The first two parts of the novel are almost wholly negative and offer no path through the obstacles preventing mutual understanding. This is so because the central figures, each in his own way, attempt to force life within the limits of emotion or logic. Just so far as they relax this attempt do they achieve some measure of vision, though not necessarily beatitude, since the Westerners especially are extremely limited by personality. This is true obviously of the English of the Civil Station; less obviously but still powerfully of Adela and even Mrs. Moore. Mrs. Moore is a kind of sounding-board. By her reactions the reader may gauge the relative efficacy of viewpoints adopted by Aziz, Fielding, Godbole. In the first section, Mrs. Moore is passive, kindly, receptive, and a soothing influence, but she is bewildered by India and by the silence beyond the echo which she finds there. Later her soul grasps "reality," but is still shackled by physical personality, so that glancing insight alternates with exasperation and contempt. At last, through Godbole, her soul is "impelled" to completeness. Whitman's return, midway in his poem, to an age before the past, "to primal thought . . . To reason's early paradise, Back, back, to wisdom's birth, to innocent intuitions," is repeated in sombre tones by Forster's "Caves," which are timeless, and from which will come the vision which enlightens the soul of Mrs. Moore, and which indirectly will save Adela from herself. Aziz and Fielding are gripped throughout by their individual preconceptions and hereditary prejudices, which prevent them from assimilating more than "an occasional scrap of Godbole." Aziz longs for another time, the age of Babur; Fielding is at home only in another place, the Mediterranean, where resides "the spirit in a reasonable form." Neither can accept India, the muddle, where God "is, was not, is not, was." The Moslem is puzzled, though made to "glow," by Mrs. Moore; she eludes Fielding too. Only Godbole can encompass her soul.

Nevertheless, the implication of the book is, like that of the poem, optimistic of a resolution of the difficulties which in *A Passage to India* often seem hopelessly insoluble. Godbole's benediction is, after all, extended to Hindu, Moslem, and Christian alike. Forster's dimly seen time, "not yet . . . not there," to be brought about by "friendship . . . good will . . . kindness," Whitman has also imagined.

> Reckoning ahead O soul, when thou, the time achiev'd,
> The seas all cross'd, weather'd the capes, the voyage done,
> Surrounded, copest, frontest God, yieldest, the aim attain'd,
> As fill'd with friendship, love complete, the Elder Brother found,
> The Younger melts in fondness in his arms.

The soul of Mrs. Moore makes this journey and at last, through Godbole's mediation, finds completeness in the divine Elder Brother's arms. "Steer for the deep waters only": this too is Forster's appeal. The experience of Mrs. Moore must somehow be shared with all men. The faults and excesses of imperialism are easily ridiculed. More important is the land "where mariner has not yet dared to go," the brotherhood of an internationalism which must precede the soul's salvation. Godbole remarks of the one poem by Aziz which seems to suggest this, "Ah, that is bhakti; ah, my young friend, that is different and very good. Ah, India, who seems not to move, will go straight there while the other nations waste their time." The key to this ideal both Whitman and Forster suspect lies beneath and beyond India's past. Whitman cries, "Eclaircise the myths Asiatic, the primitive fables." Godbole's highest praise is that the poem by Aziz "might be rendered into Sanskrit almost." Future will link with past: "dreams of the ideal," a vision forgotten, will make new the lost "young maturity of brood and bloom" "below the Sanscrit and the Vedas." After "man's long probation," passively, intuitively will come into being the reconciliation of races which emotion and logic can only confirm in separation.

II

The opening section of the novel, "Mosque," appropriately deals with the Moslem Aziz. He is a creature of impulse, dashing everywhere, organizing parties and picnics, changing his mind continuously, loving passionately but as quickly despising the object of his love. His departure from Hamidullah's is as violent and impulsive as his arrival there. His first words to Mrs. Moore are a snarl; his parting, moments later, a happy acceptance of her as "an Oriental." His personality pervades the whole section. Since he is primarily an emotional person, the dominant tone of the section is one of emotion, impulse, even sentiment, based on the senses and on memory. Wandering in Hamidullah's garden, Aziz, deaf to politics, is conscious of the sweet-smelling trees, dreams of Persian poetry, and thinks increasingly of dinner. In the mosque, he recalls verses of a former Moslem age, and, carried away by the phrase "the secret understanding of the heart," he yields to tears, assigning to the mosque "meanings the builder had never intended." Appropriately, Aziz thinks in terms of black and white, good or bad. There is no middle ground of compromise. In the mosque, "the front—in full moonlight—had the appearance of marble, and the ninety-nine names of God on the frieze stood out black, as the frieze stood out white against the sky." This memory swims back

to him at the close of the section, as he drops off to sleep in a haze of affection, sentiment, and emotion, all epitomized in his dream by "domes whereunder were inscribed, black against white, the ninety-nine attributes of God." This tendency to set up a rigid dualism, which pleases Aziz, is symptomatic. He is often mistaken. He fails to understand the English, even Mrs. Turton; with Fielding he has innumerable difficulties, psychological as well as linguistic, which lead him into blind alleys. "In every remark he found a meaning, but not always the true meaning, and his life though vivid was largely a dream." Further, his attitude to life is rickety and unstable. ". . . his belief in the life to come would pale to a hope, vanish, reappear, all in a single sentence or a dozen heart-beats, so that the corpuscles of his blood rather than he seemed to decide which opinion he should hold, and for how long. It was so with all his opinions. Nothing stayed, nothing passed that did not return. . . ."

Since Aziz is central at this stage, the note of black-and-white dualism accompanied by confused thought is evident throughout the section. After the Nawab's car bumps the ghost-hyena, "the torch created such high lights and black shadows that they could not interpret what it revealed. Moreover, Adela in her excitement knelt and swept her skirts about, until it was she if anyone who appeared to have attacked the car." The Bridge Party, a hopeless, because Western, attempt to find greys between black and white, breaks at once into the old division, whites on the verandah, Indians at the bottom of the garden. Mrs. Turton is contemptuous, Turton foolishly shrewd, Mrs. Moore baffled in her efforts to communicate with Indians. The latter seem willing to receive advances, but nothing comes of it: "a shapeless discussion occurred." Since this is the opening section of the book, such shapelessness remains.

The negative quality dominating this section is introduced and emphasized by the opening chapter.

> . . . the city of Chandrapore presents nothing extraordinary. . . . There are no bathing steps on the river front, as the Ganges happens not to be holy here; indeed there is no river front, and bazaars shut out the wide and shifting panorama of the stream. . . . There is no painting and scarcely any carving in the bazaars. . . . the civil station . . . charms not, neither does it repel. . . . It has nothing hideous in it . . . it shares nothing with the city except the overarching sky.

Everyone is baffled. The English are hopelessly at sea in India and with Indians, and content themselves with petty politics, amateur theatricals at the Club, and mean-spirited remarks on "natives." The Moslem community is equally mystified by the English, and hardly less un-

charitable in its comments on the "whites." It is also bewildered by Hinduism: Aziz, trying to sound Godbole on the caves, is "defeated at every move by an opponent who would not even admit that a move had been made." The English Adela is unaware that "the comparatively simple mind of the Mohammedan was encountering Ancient Night." Nor is Godbole all-comprehending: "he had been silenced now; no doubt not willingly, he was concealing something." External nature itself is weak and baffled: even the Indian sun "failed to triumph . . . he was not the eternal promise . . . he was merely a creature, like the rest, and so debarred from glory." Restlessness clouds the section. Mrs. Moore's voice floats out "to swell the night's uneasiness." The night itself is "never tranquil." In this air Christianity is reduced to striking attitudes. The mercy of God may include monkeys, less probably wasps, hardly bacteria or mud. Only Godbole, who excludes nothing, will be able to encompass everything.

Harmony seems altogether absent. There are only false harmonies, or parodies of harmony. The Moslems, Hindus, and Christian, emerging from the house of Aziz, are drawn together only by fear of "the hot weather," and only momentarily. Adela and Ronny become engaged and believe themselves in love, but the typically cavalier announcement of this by Forster sufficiently instructs the reader. Aziz finds harmony only in dreams. The one harmonious character present is by Western standards peculiarly incongruous. Godbole "wore a turban that looked like pale purple macaroni, coat, waistcoat, dhoti, socks with clocks. The clocks matched the turban, and his whole appearance suggested harmony—as if he had reconciled the products of East and West, mental as well as physical, and could never be discomposed." He stands apart from the others, who willingly or not are continually isolated and thrown back upon the resources of self. There are certainly hints that this disunity need not be permanent. "Experience, not character, divided them," comments the author, noticing also "the little ineffectual unquenchable flames" of the Indians' separate efforts to understand one another. But the "kindness, more kindness, and even after that more kindness" which is for Aziz ideal, and which echoes Mrs. Moore's parallel appeal for "good will and more good will and more good will," is at this stage incapable of realization.

Forster prepares for later events by introducing a number of symbols, some of which will be associated with disharmony, separation, and evil, others with understanding, harmony, and peace. These are to be handholds on the difficult surface of the second section. The recurrence of certain symbols will guide the mind to Forster's meaning. The "hyena" bumped by the car, the tire-marks noticed by Adela after the

accident, the snakes mentioned by Aziz in the mosque, the "hot weather" feared by most characters: each will in the second section announce or accompany a moment of disharmony or misunderstanding. Even in this section, events reflect the appearance of these symbols. The mention of snakes disturbs Mrs. Moore's equanimity; the "hyena" evokes "a loud cry of terror" from the Nawab Bahadur, and later a fearful shiver from Mrs. Moore; the "hot weather" continually oppresses, reminds of self, and dissipates efforts to establish harmony. One symbol is especially mysterious and withdrawn: the echo, discussed in detail by Professor Brown, is used at this stage to distinguish Mrs. Moore's insight from Ronny's obtuseness. Ronny, angry at a servant, makes a row; bustle and pandemonium result, but cease in time, since "the Englishman was appeased by their echoes." To Mrs. Moore, in contrast, India presents a mystery insoluble in terms of Christianity: "Outside the arch there seemed always an arch, beyond the remotest echo a silence." Finally there is a green bird, which counters by its appearance the forces of distrust and selfishness. Its appearance accompanies awakening mutual fondness in Ronny and Adela. Of course, Ronny is "no good at all at birds," and prefers the false birds of MacBryde's bird book, so that the liaison seems unlikely to prosper; yet the one true note of understanding seems to be due in a measure to the bird's presence. Godbole's song at tea-time, carrying a mysterious but certainly peaceful message, "was the song of an unknown bird." Adela's remark that she doesn't "know the animals any better than the birds here" may indicate her capacity for passive insight as well as hysteria, made fact in the following section.

The opening segment of the novel, in short, is primarily negative and unsatisfactory. It prepares for later events. The way of Aziz, of emotion, sentiment, memory, is weak, and even reinforces the influence of self-centredness in man and society. Godbole seems almost to be trying to tell the others this. In his song, the god "refuses to come," because the maiden's prayer is yearningly self-assertive in both its original and its revised form; the god will not come to her only, nor to her as an individual among others. The god in fact "neglects" to come. Such appeals arouse neither divine acquiescence nor divine rage, but indifference. India too, therefore, while under the spell of such influences, gets nowhere. "*In vain* did each item in it call out, 'Come, come.' "

III

Fielding is the spokesman of the second section. No individual, of course, can represent "Caves" as Aziz does "Mosque." Forster ironically selects a late-comer to India, one of the race least fitted to cope

with the caves and their message. The opening chapter this time sounds the note of age. "The Ganges, though flowing from the foot of Vishnu and through Siva's hair, is not an ancient stream." A number of similarly suggestive phrases reinforce the atmosphere of unimaginable antiquity, and refer also to the mystery of these caves. "Nothing, nothing attaches to them. . . ." If their depths were finally plumbed, mankind would be wiser in no way. Fielding, though incapable of the finest insights, is remarkable among the English of the novel. He seems on first acquaintance to link East and West. The world he regards as "a globe of men who are trying to reach one another and can best do so by the help of good will plus culture and intelligence"; he likes to believe that "we exist . . . in terms of each other's minds." But he is no Godbole. His inclination to communicate with the older man after the trial is soon forgotten; the mention of Mrs. Moore's death which momentarily creates a bond between Fielding and Hamidullah has no lasting effect. "The soul is tired in a moment."

Being English, Fielding proceeds basically in terms of logic and intellect, and his thought gives the tone to this section, as the emotions of Aziz coloured the first. Fielding tends to be patronizingly amused at the emotional Aziz; and their conversations reveal his logical approach, largely responsible for misunderstandings. With Godbole, Fielding's logic is completely at a loss. Every attempt to get from Godbole some rational explanation of the cave-incident is thwarted, since he boggles at the echo and its significance, which "lay at the verge of Fielding's mind. He could never develop it." Though Fielding's quickness warns him of something "queer" at the picnic, and of the trial's result before other Englishmen grasp it, he cannot abandon his habitual manner of thought; lawyer-like, after the trial, he tries to solve the mystery by logical hypotheses, though Adela by then fully comprehends the futility of such methods. Fielding is to Aziz as spectator to actor. He is hardly more than a chorus, commenting on events the significance of which he cannot grasp. The vision of each man is incomplete; but the reader's expands in proportion as the shortcomings of Aziz and Fielding are revealed.

Neither Fielding nor Godbole is present during the central excursion to the caves. Partly for dramatic reasons, the participants hold the stage alone; harmonious influences are removed also, so that the three excursionists must depend utterly on their individual resources. The caves have nothing to say to Aziz, but a good deal to both women: what they say amounts to a riddle of negation for both, but the message seems different in each case because of the mental equipment and psychological condition of the two. Adela, well-meaning but

comparatively shallow, has come to India to be married, and this is fairly continuously on her mind as she climbs with Aziz to the caves. His mind is on breakfast, hers on marriage—and love. She converses absently on these subjects with Aziz, and muses not very connectedly on his sensual appeal to women of his race. The notion of race differences leads her to ask a foolish question; he is insulted, sharply releases her hand, which he had been holding to help her ascend, and turns quickly into a cave, divided from her spiritually and physically. The ominous reappearance of the tire-marks made by the Nawab's car—as footholds in the rock climbed by Aziz and Adela—has warned of some threat. Now quite alone, Adela enters a cave and comes face to face with the age and mystery described earlier as incomprehensible even to Buddha, who "shunned" the caves with, it is implied, respect and awe. Adela succumbs at once to hysteria. Her mind is quite overcome by the impact of what amounts to a primordial image; the shock temporarily produces something like a mental black-out. Later, the three things in her mind when she entered the cave, love, marriage, and sensuality, suggest to her frantically groping senses and reason that an attack had been made on her in the cave. Aziz, the obvious culprit, is arrested, thus setting in motion the second part of this section.

Mrs. Moore is different from Adela. She holds views broadly Christian. She not only speaks of religion to Ronny (for whom "the conversation had become unreal as soon as Christianity entered it"), but wanders alone, actuated by a profound interest, into the mosque where she first encounters Aziz. She feels "kinship with the heavenly bodies." Accepted by Aziz as "an Oriental," she is potentially harmonious. But on the way to the caves, strange influences begin to work on her, partly because there is a difference between her nature and that of Adela. The latter had said, "I don't believe in the Hot Weather," to which Mrs. Moore had answered, "I believe in the Hot Weather, but never did I suppose it would bottle me up as it will," the unexpected phrase acting as a hint of what is to come. As Mrs. Moore nears the caves which are "older than anything in the world," she begins to doubt the power of love, or rather the forms which love takes in her civilization. "In particular," she feels, "too much fuss has been made over marriage." Jacques Maritain writes: ". . . of the two things which alone make life worth living, love is more valuable than intuition when it transforms us into something better than we are, but intuition is not liable to all kinds of illusion and moral defilement as love is: because intuition deals with knowledge . . . and, *qua* intuition, never misses the mark."[1] Mrs. Moore comes to realize

[1] J. Maritain, "Dante's Innocence and Luck," *Kenyon Review*, XIV, (1952), 305.

that even Christian love has not made her or those about her better; her intuition, seeking out true knowledge, is unsatisfied. She and her companions are steadily oppressed by feelings of inadequacy and disappointment; the expected glory of the sunrise results instead in dimness and "decayed" hues, a venomous black cobra rears up at the train (a tree-stump to Adela's glasses, it remains a snake for the natives and the reader); a "spiritual silence" closes down, and is not entirely pleasant. These signs lead up to Mrs. Moore's entry into the cave, immediately prefaced by her thought that the "Brahminy kite" flapping over the black entrance is a throw-back to a time "before birds."

Mrs. Moore's passivity and spiritual receptiveness are signs of her special insight, but the Christian form which her religion takes is unable to cope with the cave and its echo. Before the picnic, her gentle sympathy is ineffectual. Events take their course around and in spite of her. But after the cave, her knowledge first, and later her influence, actively move those about her. As a result of her encounter with "Boum," she undergoes an actual split of soul from body and from self. At first she feels merely physical revulsion, but soon the impact of the cave's echo begins to strike at all her previous beliefs, i.e., all the forms of her existence. The cave now seems to be "stuffed with a snake composed of small snakes." Despite a desperate effort to reassert her selfhood by clinging to physical sensation, she is forced to "surrender to the vision." Once having recognized and accepted the absolute which is "Boum," her soul is divorced, except for erratic and quixotic excursions into sense, from her body and from reason, sense, memory, feeling. Confronted with a new "Mrs. Moore," the others are taken aback. Ronny expects interest and finds irritability; Adela expects sympathy and finds apathy. But the soul of Mrs. Moore has passed beyond the need for forms and impatiently repels Adela's two efforts to reestablish understanding. Her soul is impatient to be loosed from the clinging and useless body.

> "My body, my miserable body," she sighed. "Why isn't it strong? Oh, why can't I walk away and be gone? Why can't I finish my duties and be gone? Why do I get headaches and puff when I walk? And all the time this to do and that to do and this to do in your way and that to do in her way, and everything sympathy and confusion and bearing one another's burdens. Why can't this be done and that be done in my way and they be done and I at peace? Why has anything to be done, I cannot see. Why all this marriage, marriage? . . . The human race would have become a single person centuries ago if marriage was any use. And all this rubbish about love, love in a church, love in a cave, as if there is the least difference, and I held up from business over such trifles!"

Occasionally her insight glances through the shell. "Of course he is innocent," she replies to Ronny's inquiry about Aziz; but it is a matter of no moment to her. Like Godbole, "she really knew more than character but could not impart it"; unlike him, that part of her which is Christian, formal, and personalized, cannot be absorbed harmoniously into the soul's free vision. The earthly expression of her spirit is petulant and ill at ease. Content and form have in a flash been made aware of each other, and form is terrified and ashamed. Only death can free the soul; until then, "Mrs. Moore" cannot reassume the role of a peaceful and soothing influence. To observe what happens, it is necessary to return to Adela Quested.

Since the cave, Adela has been convinced that Aziz has made a physical attack on her. Shortly before the trial, birds make their final appearance, this time as harbingers of the outcome. As two sparrows fly about the room, Adela cries to Ronny that Aziz must be innocent. But the birds disappear, and insight abandons Adela until the trial. About the time Adela takes the stand, Mrs. Moore (the reader later learns) dies at sea; outside the court-room, the Indians break into their chant of "Esmiss Esmoor"; Adela acknowledges her release from the bondage of error by turning to her uncomprehending friends: "I shall be all right, and thank you all, thank you, thank you for your kindness." Buoyed by an insight granted by the soul of Mrs. Moore, she subsequently "withdraws" her accusation. Her nature is such that she cannot completely make over her attitude to life; forms, to Adela, are too strongly assertive; but she has gained something: "She was no longer examining life, but being examined by it; she had become a real person." No longer a virtual spectator, she has become an actor in life. It is precisely for this reason that Fielding, who remains spectator, cannot communicate meaningfully with Adela after the trial. Professor Brown has said that Fielding differs from Adela in that "he has, and she has not, some grasp of the nature of personal relationships."[2] This is true prior to the trial, but their positions are reversed afterward; she reaches a tentative hand to Fielding, but he withdraws. Yet it is right that Fielding should be the spokesman of this section, even though he is clearly at times an object of ridicule, for only Mrs. Moore and to a lesser extent Adela have participated in the cave's experience. The others are unenlightened, and Fielding, curious though bewildered, can best serve as the instrument through which the reader may try to assess what was in the cave. Forster invites us, if we can, to go on from the point Fielding reached and beyond which he could not proceed.

[2]E. K. Brown, *Rhythm in the Novel* (Toronto, 1950), 102.

But the last pages of "Caves" suggest the futility of this course. Fielding has listened to Godbole's wisdom glumly and without comprehension. Now he admits to himself, during the roof-top conversation with Aziz, that he has tried, in mind, "to kill Mrs. Moore"—an attempt which of course fails. "She still eluded him," just as the "thousands of stars" (with which Mrs. Moore has earlier been associated) silence Aziz when he attempts to communicate with her. And Fielding leaves India unsatisfied, relieved to move away from "muddle" and beyond Suez into the midst of formal beauty.

The second section is another blind alley on the road to discovery of the meaning of life. Aziz was unable to navigate "the deep water"; Fielding consciously recoils from it. But, as before, the answer waits for those who can accept it. "Truth is not truth in that exacting land unless there go with it kindness and more kindness and kindness again, unless the Word that was with God also is God." And there is a difference in Godbole's chant of "Come, come." At first, God came not; India called in vain. Now, India "calls 'Come' through her hundred mouths, through objects ridiculous and august. But come to what? She has never defined. She is not a promise, only an appeal." The tone has altered. Mystery remains; but refusal has become something in the nature of uncertainty as to what form the "coming" will assume and how it will be received. And, as Godbole says, "Absence implies presence, absence is not non-existence, and we are therefore entitled to repeat, 'Come, come, come, come.'" The two quotations presage the answer of the concluding section, in which Godbole, sitting among "objects ridiculous and august," imitates God.

IV

Forster begins this section ironically by emphasizing its changed place and time, passing at once to speak to the God who "is not born yet—that will occur at midnight—but He has also been born centuries ago, nor can He ever be born, because he is the Lord of the Universe, who transcends human processes." The conditions of which Aziz and Fielding are so conscious mean nothing to Godbole, who looks across a carpet at God. Emotion and logic are alike neglected; intuition has replaced them, and even that term is insufficiently descriptive of the mystical tone which pervades this section. Other things have changed too. The blasting heat of earlier sections has yielded, as in *The Waste Land*, to torrential rains which drench land, animals, and people. The black-and-white dualism of Aziz and the caves' complete colourlessness have been replaced by greys and greens. There is a grey lake near the Asirgarh railway station (Mrs. Moore's last sight

of India), and the hills look "grey-green" and are "covered with temples." Greys and greens, suggesting a mysterious harmony of black and white, appear not only in the rain, but in a great number of "blurs." The Hindu crowd at the religious festival emanates music from so many sources "that the sum-total was untrammelled . . . melted into a single mass." These sounds later strike Aziz as "blurred." The town is "a blur of light." The whole occasion is "a great blur," of which "no man could say where was the emotional centre, any more than he could locate the heart of a cloud." These blurs suggest the new-found harmony which increasingly dominates people and events, but which is not explicable in Moslem or Western terms. God is of a piece with every person, action, and moment of the festival's apparent confusion, which reflects life. Singers chant, Indian bands play European melodies, Godbole clashes cymbals. At midnight, "Infinite Love took upon itself the form of Shri Krishna, and saved the world. All sorrow was annihilated, not only for Indians, but for foreigners, birds, caves, railways, and the stars; all became joy, all laughter; there had never been disease nor doubt, misunderstanding, cruelty, fear." The symbols of previous sections congregate and are unified in this gigantic free-for-all. "A cobra of papier-mâché now appeared on the carpet"; Mrs. Moore's wasp returns to Godbole's meditations; the flies earlier swept irritably aside by Aziz, "awoke and claimed their share of God's bounty." This religion does not balk at bees or bacteria but comprehends moods as well as beasts and men: the priests play games symbolic of God's sense of humour. The jar of rice-and-milk paste, broken over and into the howling throng, symbolizes the union of all things in this welter of commingled phenomena, and the blessing of that union by divine fiat. This "fusion of reason and form" is centred on yet another blur, the altar, "a jumble" of rose-leaves, bananas, plates, poems. On one is the legend "God si Love." In English to demonstrate God's universality, its error shows only that the desire serves for the deed, which, as most Westerners do not see, is of little account. Failure in this sense is and must be integral to life. And yet, as Mrs. Moore had observed, "I think everyone fails, but there are so many kinds of failure."

Aziz and Fielding seem momentarily to have been forgotten in the harmonious muddle. Aziz had never discovered the meaning of what he regards as "an annual antic." He seems to remain an outsider. ". . . he felt bored, slightly cynical, like his own dear Emperor Babur, who came down from the north and found in Hindustan no good fruit, no fresh water or witty conversation, not even a friend." Fielding too has been trying to reanimate his friendship with Aziz, but as usual by

means of "irrefragable logic." He wants to "argue and reconstruct." But other influences have been at work. Godbole, imitating God, has recreated Mrs. Moore in his mind, and passively made her whole. "Completeness, not reconstruction," has absorbed her. The passive quality of Godbole's method is emphasized by his failure to impel in the same way other objects: "logic and conscious effort had seduced" him when he attempted too deliberately to impose his will. Mrs. Moore has also been recreated in a more tangible form. Her son Ralph, stung by bees, is soothed by Aziz, who involuntarily reacts to the hovering influence of "Mrs. Moore" by greeting Ralph in the same terms of comradeship employed years before in the mosque. Aziz is puzzled, but recognizes "the eternal goodness of Mrs. Moore," and his actions continue to be guided by her influence as he willingly guides the English out on the lake, unearthing the oars he had so maliciously hidden. On the far shore the ceremony approaches a climax, as the sacred symbols are given up to the beneficent water, swollen by the rains of "a magnificent monsoon," which will renew and save. Into the tray bearing the clay figures crashes the boat bearing Aziz, Fielding, and the young Moores. Comically but safely thrown into the water, they also become symbols of a promise of fulfilment for the hopes of men. All nature—artillery, drums, elephants, lightning—celebrates the miraculously renewed promise. Aziz and Fielding have thus at last been drawn, but not by any individual or personality, into the inclusive harmony, and are accepted in the union of Infinite Love. Echoes, hyena-ghosts, and hot weather disappear. To confirm the change, a cobra glides, but now peacefully, through a toy landscape, a "parklike scene," with "purple hills," "round white clouds," and "custard-apple trees." Riding together, Aziz and Fielding make way for the cobra in a friendly spirit. They too are "friends again," though as individuals they see only that "after the funny shipwreck there had been no more nonsense or bitterness, and they went back laughingly to their old relationship as if nothing had happened." Aziz "wants to do kind actions all round," beginning with a thank-you letter to Adela. Nature too breathes out love: "myriads of kisses around them as the earth drew the water in."

But Aziz and Fielding are too individual, too conscious of self, too perversely emotional or logical to forsake their course of life, nor would Godbole expect anything else. Fielding soon withdraws, remarking dully that "different people had different points of view." Aziz is as impatient of Hindus as ever: "Living with them teaches me no more." Both regard Godbole as an amusing grotesque.

"Does the old fellow still say, 'Come, come'?"
"Oh, presumably."

Even here Godbole moves them: Fielding wonders briefly about the attachment of Mrs. Moore's children to Hinduism, and Aziz is prompted to add a footnote to his letter to Adela, promising to remember her always in conjunction with Mrs. Moore. But neither pursues his train of thought; they turn together to more immediate problems, Aziz emotional, Fielding logical and matter-of-fact. Their friendship remains limited by their personalities. Nature rejects an extension of a relationship on these terms to wider spheres: buildings, dead and living beasts, the earth itself, "didn't want it, they said in their hundred voices, 'No, not yet,' and the sky said, 'No, not there.' " Forster might have added, "Not in that way," since the true friendship, kindness, and understanding of which Mrs. Moore had spoken is attainable only by abandoning the limitations inherent in the relationship between Aziz and Fielding.

Nevertheless, the ending of the novel, though phrased in negative terms, is a promise, not a denial, in the same way as Godbole's remark, "Absence implies presence." Like him, we are entitled "to repeat, 'Come, come, come, come.' " Professor Brown comments that in the novel the order of the universe "can be merely glimpsed, never seized for sure."[3] Aziz and Fielding indeed glimpse only when intuitive wisdom breaks through the customary veils of emotional and logical attitudes. But Godbole's mind certainly has seized this order, or he could not have impelled Mrs. Moore to completeness. Mrs. Moore eventually grasps its significance; that is why she acts as she does on her return from the caves. And the effect of the novel is to make us feel that the glimpses available to all may, though with difficulty, be converted to full and active vision. This may come about when men relax their efforts to impose form on life and allow life to take its own form, as Adela Quested was at least temporarily able to do. Only then will what is in the caves be seen not as evil but as merely a part of the order in the universe. Although the individual can to some extent determine the nature of things by his attitude toward them and toward himself, this is only a preliminary to absorption of the self within a transcendental frame of reference. In this sense, Forster's novel is "a passage to more than India."

[3] *Ibid.*, 114.

COLLINGWOOD AND THE IDEA OF HISTORY

FREDERICK D. SCHNEIDER

ON one occasion R. G. Collingwood spoke of his life-work as an attempt to bring about a *rapprochement* between philosophy and history. When an author has elaborated a "philosophy of history" based upon the *rapprochement* between "philosophy" and "history," and then becomes himself a practising historian, he has presented a hostage to fortune, enabling the reader to calculate the extent to which this *rapprochement* has been realized. Collingwood's philosophy of history therefore assumes a peculiar relevance when placed against his chapters and volumes on the history of Roman Britain.

To Collingwood, "philosophy" was the thinking about the world as a whole. The function of the philosopher differed from that of the scientist in that the latter confined his attention to the study of selected parts, while the former studied the universal and necessary characteristics of things. Thus, the scientist concerned himself with particular and contingent characteristics, while the philosopher's business was with such attributes as unity, existence, and substantiality which were shared by all things.

In establishing the link between "history" and the "philosophy of history," Collingwood differentiated first of all between historical knowledge which had been pursued in a sustained and systematic way by means of a consciously adopted technique, and that which had been casually acquired by a mind the main interest of which lay outside the acquisition. For him, "history" was more than the name for a special group of things or a special group of thoughts. He defined "history" as the study of the past, and the task of the historian to discover how things have come to be what they are. The task of the philosopher of history, as distinct from that of the historian, was to discover the essential characteristics of the form of knowledge gained by the historian. The essential characteristic of a "philosophy of history" was a universal and necessary human interest.

In such a frame of reference, the course of the development of history was parallel to that of the philosophy of history. Where historical knowledge existed in a desultory and unorganized form, the philosophy of history was crude and shallow. Contrariwise, where knowledge was highly organized, and where it involved a technique of its own and a consciousness of its peculiar aims and methods, the philosophy of history became a definite and individual philosophical science, the

importance of which corresponded to the importance of history in the whole range of human thought. For a philosophy of history, Collingwood demanded a special branch of philosophical inquiry devoted to the problems raised by the process of historical thinking. He grouped these problems under two headings, epistemological, or those concerned with the question of how historical knowledge was possible, and metaphysical, or those concerned with the nature of the historian's subject-matter.

To illustrate his conception of the proper function of the historian, he traced the change which took place after 1600 in the attitude of the Western world toward philosophy. Shortly after the beginning of the seventeenth century, men perceived that the questions which had been asked since the time of the early Greek philosophers could be answered through experimentation or mathematical inquiry. The principal function of the philosophers of the period consequently became a reckoning with natural science and the solution of problems raised by that reckoning. *Mutatis mutandis*, the task of twentieth-century philosophy was the reckoning with twentieth-century history. Until the closing years of the nineteenth century, the historian was essentially a "scissors and paste" man who discovered what the authorities had said about a particular subject. The statements which he found limited the scope of his inquiry and fixed a boundary beyond which it was impossible for him to go. If the historian's interests led him to the investigation of a subject upon which the authorities were silent, he was led into a desert where nothing was except the sands of ignorance and the mirage of imagination.

Collingwood's own early experience taught him that scissors and paste were not the only foundations of the historical method. Growing up in what he once described as a "thickening archaeological atmosphere," he perceived that the extensive and scientific development of such work would teach the historian much that would remain unknown to those who believed only in authorities, and that the same methods might, indeed, be used to correct the authorities. He held that history was more an approximation of Bacon's idea of science than a matter of scissors and paste. It was necessary for the historian to decide what he wanted to know, and, if there were no authorities to tell him, to find something in which the answer was hidden and to get the answer out. To carry his criticism of the early method of historical inquiry a step further, he observed that if history were only a matter of scissors and paste, it could not be used to achieve a more complete understanding of human affairs. To the extent that historians repeated what their predecessors had already said, history

could not be used as a school of political or moral wisdom, nor could it play a part in the future of Western civilization comparable to that played in the past by natural science.

Collingwood noted that the historian and the natural scientist resembled each other not only in asking questions but also in their insistence upon an answer. The historian's questions differed from those of the scientist in that they were concerned exclusively with the past. The evidence used by the historian, however, existed in the present world. A past event which left no trace in the present would be an event for which no evidence existed, and an event about which the historian could know nothing. The traces which these past events have left in the modern world were, by their nature, more than any material body or any state of a material body. As an example, he cited the discovery of a medieval charter, the importance of which depended, among other things, upon the survival of the knowledge of medieval Latin, without which it would obviously be valueless to the historian. The modern historian could study a medieval charter, or the civilization of the Middle Ages, because neither was dead, or rather, he could study only those aspects of a past epoch which had not ceased to live. This resulted not from the fact that the writings of a former age were in existence as material objects, but that medieval ways of thinking had survived to some extent as ways in which men of a later age continued to think.

In turning his attention to the question of whether history could be a school of moral or political wisdom, Collingwood rejected as futile the positivistic idea of history because it regarded the past as dead, and because for it knowledge of the past came only from what authorities had said about it. Such knowledge was useless as a guide to action because history did not repeat itself exactly. The problems with which man was faced in a contemporary situation did not resemble problems described by the authorities, and solutions found by previous generations were no longer precisely applicable. When the past was regarded as something continuing into the present, the historian's function indeed became that of a guide to future action. He then revealed the less obvious features of an event hidden from the casual observer, and derived from the study of history a training in moral and political life.

Collingwood illustrated this aspect of the function of history by observing that the civilization of the period between 1600 and 1900 was based upon the study of natural science, and that in its passion for ready-made rules it neglected to develop an insight or sense of critical values which would tell it which rules to apply. When history

was regarded as the narrative of the events of a past age, it too could not be described as a guide to action. Indeed the concept of "scissors and paste" history could not presume to teach man to control human situations in the same way that natural science had already taught him to control the forces of nature. However, if history was looked upon as informing people of the present, to the extent that the past constituted a vital part of the present, it stood in the closest possible relation to practical life. It could then offer insight, and so afford help in the diagnosis of moral and political problems. Collingwood therefore adopted the view that the new kind of history was the only one which afforded a chance of control of human situations.

In drawing a distinction between "history," so defined, and what he called "pseudo-history," by which name he referred to the narratives of geology, palaeontology, and astronomy, which had assumed a semblance of historicity, Collingwood called upon his experience as an archaeologist to prove that no more than a slight analogy existed between the two. Each consisted of narratives. The narrative of history was a narrative of purposive activity, and the evidence for it assumed significance as the historian understood its purpose. He epitomized his own concept of history in the saying, "all history is the history of thought," by which he meant that when the reason for an act became the object of thought a process of historical thinking had begun. For him, and for anyone who held this view, nothing besides thought could properly become the object either of historical inquiry or of knowledge.

From this postulate he proceeded to an examination of the conditions which made possible the knowledge of the history of a thought. First, the thought must be recorded, either in language or in another form of expressive activity. Then the historian placed himself under the obligation of thinking for himself the thought, the expression of which he was trying to interpret. This process required that he think the same thought, that he enter into the mind of the original thinker and reconstruct step by step the process by which the thought first emerged.

But though historical knowledge involved the re-enactment of the thoughts of others, there was a difference. The difference was not, however, one of context. To the original thinker, the thought was a present one, but to the historian it was a past thought living in the present. Historical knowledge was the re-enactment of a past thought incapsulated in a context of present thoughts which, by contradicting it, confined it to a different plane. This consideration had as its basis the idea that every historical problem arose from real life, or, stated

in other words, that historical problems arose from practical ones. History was studied in order to see more clearly the situation in which men living in the present were called upon to act.

If the historian's knowledge consisted of past thoughts, known by a process of re-thinking, then knowledge achieved by the process of historical inquiry was not knowledge of a present situation, as opposed to knowledge of the historian's self, but knowledge of that situation which was at the same time knowledge of himself. In the process of re-thinking what someone else had thought, the historian was of necessity thinking it himself. Through this process, the historian came to understand the thoughts of many people, and so became a microcosm of all the history it was possible for him to know. His self-knowledge thus constituted his knowledge of the whole world of human affairs.

Collingwood's system of thought with respect to the *rapprochement* between "philosophy" and "history" becomes more apparent when placed against the meaning which he attached to that other phrase, "philosophy of history." He regarded history as knowledge of the past, a past consisting of events which have finished happening. These events having ceased to occur, the historian's knowledge of them was not derived from observation and could not be verified by judgment. His understanding was not gained immediately, but rather through the perception of such evidence of past events as he might discover in the present.

In addition to the discovery of evidence, the historical process required interpretation. The body of principles according to which this interpretation was undertaken constituted the historical method. Sometimes this technique was essentially scientific, as when it was concerned with particular groups of evidence associated with such special sciences as archaeology, palaeography, or numismatics. Sometimes this technique was essentially philosophic, as when it endeavoured to apply universality to evidence. Data, and the principles of interpretation, were thus the two elements of historical thought. They did not have a separate existence, undergoing a combination; rather, they existed together or not at all. The method of the historian was not to collect data, and then interpret it; instead, he began with a problem, and then embarked upon the search for information bearing upon it. With this came the realization that anything might serve as a datum for the historian if he discovered its proper interpretation.

The starting-point for historical research was thus not the collection of facts, but rather the definition of a question which set the historian off on the search for facts which would aid in the answering of the

question. Historical research was, by its nature, focused upon a particular question, which served in turn to delimit its subject. The historian's task was to bear in mind only the idea that questions must be asked with a reasonable expectation of an answer through a process of genuine historical thinking, for this aspect of the historical method distinguished it from idle wondering. An answer was reasonably assured, however, by the fact that the question had itself arisen, which was to say that it had a logical connection with the historian's thought, or that it represented an extension of the past into the present. This concept of history cleared away any difficulties surrounding the problem of historical specialization. If the past was a mass of existing fact, waiting only for a full apprehension, a beginning could obviously be made only in a capricious or arbitrary fashion. Specialization in the selection of a subject was the natural result of dealing only with questions which arose in the course of study, and which were related to the historian's experience.

For Collingwood, past facts did not themselves exist. No total body of facts, which an accomplished historian might know in its entirety and collect in a "universal history," was conceivable. History was the history of something, and as such represented the expression of the present state of human knowledge concerning its subject. This precluded the possibility of a "universal" or a "final" history, for history could be universal only to the extent that it covered the ground which the individual historian had professed to cover, and final only so far as it stated where knowledge of its subject stood at the present time.

If history was a sort of report on the progress made on its subject to the present, history was at the same time a history of history. Each age rested under the obligation of re-writing history afresh, and the individual, in bringing his own mind to the study of the problems of history, approached it from a point of view at once characteristic of himself and of his generation. Each historian perceived in each event an element not before discerned. The attempt to eliminate a subjective interpretation was essentially insincere, for it involved the maintenance of the historian's own prejudices while asking others to abandon theirs.

History was thus neither arbitrary nor capricious, but was genuine knowledge. If the interpretation of an event by one historian differed from that of another, one or the other was not necessarily in error. Rather, the objectives of the two were different; they represented different cultures, different pasts, different climates of opinion, and brought to their study different standards of value. The way in which an event was treated by successive historians was by necessity a reflection of these differences, and assumed an historiographical importance

of its own. Collingwood's "philosophy of history" might therefore be summarized by observing that as the past in itself was nothing, so knowledge of the past was not the proper goal of historical inquiry. The historian aimed, rather, at achieving knowledge of the present. He was concerned with a particular aspect of the present, the answer to the question of how it came to be what it was. To that extent, the past was an aspect of the present, which was the way it would have to appear to the historian who paused to reflect upon his own work, or—which was the same thing—had attempted to define what might be called a "philosophy of history."

The argument at the root of Collingwood's assertion was that historians were unable to discover general historical progress: the historian could never answer the question of whether one age was superior to another because he could never examine the age as a whole. Every historical work thus became the solution of a fresh problem, arising not out of a previous problem but rather from the historian's own experience. Collingwood was thus an ontological idealist, refuting the positivistic tendencies of those who, like Marx, Spengler, or Toynbee, attempted to arrange history into a single scheme.

In defining the *rapprochement* between "philosophy" and "history," Collingwood remarked that the advancement of his philosophic work required that he be engaged in historical as well as philosophical studies, and in a field in which he could initiate lines of research and in which he might become an acknowledged master. In the delimitation of such a field he noted that it should be a small one and one ripe for intensive cultivation. The history of Roman Britain provided a field which satisfied both requirements. He had been trained under Haverfield and had dealt with the subject in a volume published as early as 1921, where he established his general attitude toward the problems raised by the history of the age as well as his own concept of what the problems were.

The aim of the study of Roman Britain which he wrote for the "Oxford History of England" was to survey the civilization of the period, to discover its significance, and to note its characteristics as far as they could be estimated with probable certainty. He concentrated upon such questions as the relations between Roman and Briton, and the cultural characteristics of Roman and British civilization at the beginning of the Roman occupation. He began his account with the invasion of the island by Julius Caesar and in the first book carried the story forward to the invasion of Claudius. The second book dealt with the "age of conquest" and began with the appearance of the Romans under Claudius, the resistance of Caractacus, and the

rebellion of Boadicea. Subsequent chapters in turn discussed the extension of the Roman conquest, the building of Hadrian's wall, the construction of the Antonine wall, and surveyed conditions in the island during the time of Severus. Collingwood drew a picture during the course of his work of Britain at the height of Roman rule, and described the people, the towns, the countryside, the agricultural system, and the artistic life. He displayed a minute knowledge of archaeological evidence, yet never forgot that his primary purpose was the writing of history. The chapters, simply, authoritatively, and readably written, embodied the results of latest inquiry fitted into a pattern which was indispensable for an understanding of the author's "philosophy of history."

Treatment of this historical epoch had to take into account the fact that few written documents existed as material which the historian could use for evidence. He could not plunge into the archives, decipher manuscripts, and translate dead languages in order to recreate the events of a past age. In the treatment of such a problem he must rely largely upon the study of what men handled rather than what they wrote. The basis for his work became archaeological, and he rejected the "scissors and paste" technique. The lack of written evidence, however, did not prevent him from deriving knowledge of the past from observation or from verifying his conclusions by critical judgment, nor did it prevent the use of the historical method as Collingwood had defined it.

What was perhaps most significant in Collingwood's treatment of Roman Britain was his concern with the state of the people rather than with military or political history. He was careful to present a picture of the appearance of the countryside, the distribution and occupation of the inhabitants, and the factors which led ultimately to change. His archaeological predilections led him to an understanding of the fundamental contrast between the distribution of population in prehistoric and modern Britain, which was essentially the contrast between a people subservient to the dictates of geography and one whose equipment permitted them to live where they would. This contrast he stated succinctly in his description of the shift of population from the primary to the secondary areas as one of the greatest changes which Britain had undergone since first inhabited.

A further set of factors which Collingwood emphasized were those which concerned the decline of Roman civilization in Britain. He observed that the Romans introduced no new agricultural techniques into the island, and drew attention to the agrarian problems which faced the Romanized Britons. The result of occupation had been to

stimulate the development of the countryside, and the attempt by the conquerors to enforce a pattern of town life had been a failure. To Collingwood, this attempt failed because the Celtic population had no sympathy for what was, in fact, the essence of Roman civilization. In what were perhaps the finest chapters, this factor was given graphic illustration by a tracing of the submergence of Celtic art by Roman vulgarity and the reappearance of this art with Roman evacuation.

The picture of Roman Britain which Collingwood presented was not so crowded with detail as to leave a blurred impression, nor so vague as to lack precision. Information acquired locally was organized, and a harmonious whole constructed from innumerable fragments. The trade of the country, its agriculture, its administration, the pattern of its society, were surveyed, and the ordered city within the Roman wall, the villa with its mosaics and baths, portrayed. The result was the visualization and reconstruction of a civilization by a process of historical archaeology. The historian began with a question, and the authorities provided him with an adequate answer.

The method utilized by Collingwood in his study of Roman Britain showed that his concept of archaeological excavation had taught him that the most important condition of success was that the archaeologist should know why he was undertaking a specific bit of digging. He should know first of all what he wanted to find out and what kind of excavation would discover it for him. The archaeologist-turned-historian adopted a Baconian method rather than digging merely to see what he could find out. In effect, he applied to archaeology the advice of Lord Acton to study problems rather than periods, or, expressed in archaeological terms, to study problems rather than sites. In different terms, this was the application of the logic of question and answer as applied to archaeology, and, by extension, to history. This historical method was clearly illustrated in his theory regarding the purpose of the Antonine wall which stretched from the Forth to the Clyde. According to Collingwood, the wall was constructed because of what lay behind it rather than what was in front of it, and represented not so much a reinforcement of the more powerful fortification as an attempt to counteract a threat to the earlier wall provided by the growth of small native settlements over the central and eastern lowlands, and a check to the tribes to the south of it.

A second principle followed by Collingwood was that since history was the history of thought there were no events in history, and that what was called an event was in reality action, expressing some thought on the part of its agent. The function of the historian was to identify this thought. In terms of archaeology, this concept dictated that all objects be interpreted by their purpose, and questions such as "What

was the object for?" and "Was the purpose embodied in it successful?" would have to be answered not by guess-work but by the discovery of historical evidence. When applied to the study of history, and the use of written sources, this principle implied that any action attributed by the sources to any individual was understood in the same way. An example of this method put to use was the answer which Collingwood gave to the question of why Julius Caesar invaded Britain in two successive years. Caesar's own narrative gave no clue to what he meant to accomplish by these invasions. This silence constituted, for Collingwood, the best evidence of what that intention had been; it concealed a failure to accomplish whatever purpose the Roman had had in mind. The conclusion he reached was that Caesar intended, not a punitive expedition, but the conquest of the island.

A third principle upon which the history of Roman Britain was written was that a historical problem must be studied with relation to the history of thought about it. The second-order history, or the "history of history," took shape as a conception of historical criticism and was implicit in Collingwood's view that each age must re-write history and approach past events and thoughts from a point of view characteristic of its own climate of thought. His work on Roman Britain thus constituted a sort of interim report which summarized the state of scholarship on its subject.

The principles according to which this account of Roman Britain was written amounted essentially to the difference between "scissors and paste" history, where the historians repeated what they had been told by their authorities, and a scientific history, where the historians have forced the authorities to answer questions put to them. The relationship of this method to Collingwood's archaeological experience was obvious, for the archaeologist used the interpretive terms which implied purposive activity to describe the results of his research. In the composition of an historical work, Collingwood regarded the value of archaeology as lying in the provision of a method for answering questions to which literary sources provided no direct answer. As an illustration, the historian frequently asks questions which are basically matters of statistics, the population of a country, the appearance of its inhabitants, their occupations, and the degree of literacy which they have attained. These are questions which obviously cannot be answered from literary sources compiled by men who were not statistically minded. The archaeologist, however, could discover answers to them, and so supplement the record which the authorities have provided.

Collingwood remarked that the ideas expressed in his chapter on Romano-British art constituted a synthesis, what he would gladly

leave as a sole memorial of his historical study and the best example he could give to posterity of how to solve a much-debated problem—not by discovering fresh evidence, but by reconsidering questions of principle. This chapter provided an example of what he meant by the *rapprochement* between history and philosophy, or between thought as concerned with the individual and with the universal. He was concerned less with the discovery of what took place in Roman Britain than with the problems which the people of that age tried to solve. Moreover, if these problems could be identified at all, that was in itself an indication that they were solved, for the *rapprochement* presumed that the problems themselves could be discovered only by working back from the solution. By extension, the historian could not learn what took place in Roman Britain without an awareness of those aspects of Romano-British history which had become incapsulated in the present, or continued to have a relevance for a later world.

The philosophical ideas which Collingwood developed in his concern for this *rapprochement* represented an elaboration of his definition of a "philosophy of history" rather than a departure from it. He argued that the subject-matter of philosophy resembled history rather than nature and that its method must be constructed accordingly. He drew a distinction between historical study and philosophical criticism and defined that kind of historical thought which was concerned with the universal and those attitudes appropriate to the study of philosophy and the study of history. If Collingwood's distinction was reliable, his primary concern was with philosophy rather than with history. Nevertheless his doctrine that philosophical concepts represented stages in progress, with a relation one to another in the process of development, was essentially historical, and was perhaps an indication that, despite appearances to the contrary, his primary concern was with history. He dealt with epistemological problems to which history has given rise and showed how a philosophical question was capable of solution through an historical approach. The significance of his attempt to discover a *rapprochement* between "philosophy" and "history" lay in his recognition of history as a discipline productive of results as entitled to the denomination of knowledge as those produced by natural science. His argument was directed against positivistic attempts to absorb philosophy into natural science as the sole form of knowledge; his position was to claim for history what his opponents among the natural scientists claimed for science.

To the positivist, history was dead, and knowledge of past events could be derived only through an examination of the records which

the historian could discover. In such a view, history was of no value as a guide to action because it had no pattern and retained only an antiquarian validity. To Collingwood, the past was part of a continuous process; history was a means of gaining experience of the limitations and workings of the historian's own mind, and the historian, by tracing the past which survived in the present, could determine a pattern for the attainment of moral wisdom or practical action. History, by its close relation to the modern world, became a tool to push back the curtain of ignorance, and the historian, by deciding what he wanted to know, was the interpreter of his own world and his own mind. The historian of Roman Britain was, in reality, thinking about the world as a whole, and aiming at a knowledge of the world about him; and his account was, instead of a narrative of events which had finished happening, a story of purposive activity. In seeking to emancipate history from the sciences, he sought to induce philosophy to accept the historical method; history and philosophy, thus emancipated, contained within themselves a prospective solution for the problems of mankind.

WILLA CATHER'S CANADA

E. K. Brown

This article is drawn from the late E. K. Brown's forthcoming book, Willa Cather: A Critical Biography, *which will be published during the spring by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.* It constitutes the tenth chapter of the book, where its title is "The Rock." Brown, whose premature death in April, 1951, deprived Canada of her foremost critic of the first half of this century, was a graduate of Toronto, and for several years was a member of the Department of English in University College and joint editor of the* Quarterly. *He had completed nine of the book's twelve chapters. The manuscript was finished by his friend of Sorbonne days, Leon Edel, formerly of McGill University and now a critic and writer residing in New York. The chapter is here printed by the kind permission of Mrs. E. K. Brown and Mr. Knopf. Its appearance in these pages is itself a memorial to Brown's connection with the University and the journal which he loved and served so well.*

THE origin of *Shadows on the Rock* was very unlike that of *Death Comes for the Archbishop.* The narrative of the Southwest was undertaken thirteen years after Willa Cather's first strong response to the country and the people; it drew on one of the most lasting enthusiasms of her life. For the narrative of French Canada there was no such background of slowly accumulating knowledge and feeling.

What associations with Canada she had had before she resolved to write *Shadows on the Rock* were unrelated to the French elements in its life and history. In the early years of their marriage her friends Isabelle and Jan Hambourg lived in Toronto, and Willa Cather was often with them for short visits; but Toronto is as alien from French Canada as Pittsburgh[1] itself. To Isabelle Hambourg indeed, it seemed another Pittsburgh, another city ruled by the values of business and the social conventions of an incurious and intolerant upper middle class, where the only friends worth making were musicians and artists and an occasional exile from a more cultivated world. In the summer of 1922 Willa Cather took an old cottage on the island of Grand Manan in the Bay of Fundy, off the coast of New Brunswick. The bright warm days and cool nights, the natural beauty of the place,

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[1]Mrs. Hambourg was the former Isabelle McClung, of Pittsburgh, daughter of a prominent judge, who had met Willa Cather in that city when the writer was engaged in journalism and teaching high school. Miss Cather subsequently resided with the McClungs and there wrote her first two books.

the great remove from all harassments, were ideal accompaniments to writing. After another stay on the island she had a cottage built in the autumn of 1925. It still stands, unoccupied since her death, on a sloping hillside about fifty yards from the edge of the cliffs, in the middle of an open meadow, and with a semi-circle of spruce and birch woods not far off. In the large undivided attic, with a vista of cliffs and sea, she did her writing, and much of *Shadows on the Rock* was written on Grand Manan. The pleasure this place gave Willa Cather has been described by Edith Lewis, her friend and companion of many years:

> The outdoor surroundings were unsurpassably lovely. The weather had a perpetual enchantment; it was always changing and all the changes were interesting and beautiful. There was a kind of gentleness and innocence in the natural character of the island; wild flowers grew everywhere in the clean grass, the streams that rushed in waterfalls over the cliff were pure and uncontaminated, the wild creatures that lived in the woods never harmed anybody; even the slender emerald-green snakes one occasionally met on the paths seemed friendly and sociable—did not glide away as one approached. The wild snow-shoe hares that came close to the cottage to nibble at the clover would creep under the very chair one was sitting in. Birds often built their nests four or five feet from the ground in the little spruce trees. Sometimes at dawn or dusk one encountered a deer or fawn.
>
> There was solitude without loneliness. One could walk for miles along the cliffs without meeting anyone or seeing any mark of human life; but there was always activity on the water. Small craft of all kinds went to and fro, setting out lines, visiting the herring weirs, carrying lumber. Indians from the reservation at Point Pleasant sometimes paddled over to the Island in their canoes—looking down from the cliffs one would see a string of them rounding a point.

The "solitude without loneliness" of which Miss Lewis speaks was exemplified in the sense Willa Cather had of being hemmed in from the world, embraced in the soft damp intensity of isolation by the great all-engulfing fogs that settled around this pin-point on the North Atlantic, sometimes for days. And on some days there was no sound but that of the beating rain, the roaring waters, and the British buoy whose bell melodiously seemed to call from a great distance.

The aspect of the island and of its life had much the same kind of charm that Sarah Orne Jewett had felt along the Maine coast, not many miles to the south. The people on the island, apart from the summer visitors who came chiefly from the United States and the English cities of Canada, were maritime Canadians, akin to the people Miss Jewett knew in the Maine villages.

Willa Cather had been in Canada much more than most American

writers before she wrote *Shadows on the Rock*; the cottage on Grand Manan was the only house she ever owned; but there had been nothing in her Canadian associations to give her an awareness, let alone a feeling, of what was remarkable in the French region of that divided country.

Far more important as preparation was her long and admiring preoccupation with the literature, arts, and history of France. At the University of Nebraska she had found August Hjalmar Edgren, a teacher of Romance languages and a philologian of European reputation, and it was in part by the insight he communicated that even as a girl she could pierce beyond the techniques of the nineteenth-century novelists she read so constantly to some sense of the way of the European life and feeling that enabled men to achieve techniques so subtle and so fine. Dorothy Canfield, who had passed much of her childhood in Paris, and her mother who felt Paris to be a second home, gave her a yet more intimate sense of what it meant to be French. In 1902 when she had visited France for the first time Willa Cather's enthusiasm was stirred not only at Rouen, sacred to her because of Flaubert and Maupassant, or Barbizon, but most of all in the south, especially at Avignon, where she came under the spell of a France that was older than any of her literary or artistic cults, the France from which the *ancien régime* in Canada derived. The story she was writing in the last years of her life was to express what Avignon, the Avignon of the Popes, had meant to her over a period of forty years. In the summer of 1920, on the left bank of the Seine and on the Ile Saint-Louis, she was exploring streets and churches not very different in aspect from the time when the footsteps of Count Frontenac or Monseigneur Laval might have resounded in them.

Memories and feelings from her experiences in France and with French things stirred suddenly when in the summer of 1928, going to Grand Manan by a roundabout way, she first saw the city of Quebec. As she was soon to write, "These heavy grey buildings, monasteries and churches, steep-pitched and dormered, with spires and slated roofs, were roughly Norman Gothic in effect. They were made by people from the North of France who knew no other way of building. The settlement looked like something cut off from one of the ruder towns of Normandy or Brittany and brought over." Willa Cather had an extraordinary power of obliterating from an historic scene its modern encrustations. She had done so at Avignon, and at Paris, more recently at Santa Fe; she did so again at Quebec. Edith Lewis, who accompanied her, fell ill the evening of their arrival at the Chateau Frontenac hotel and was ordered to bed for ten days. Willa Cather walked about the city and its environs; Miss Lewis remembers

the excitement with which she described her successive discoveries—the convent of the Ursulines, the great Laval seminary, the church of Notre Dame in the lower town, the old market-place. In the evenings they read histories from the hotel library, especially the chronicle of Parkman.

For Willa Cather, Parkman had always been the best of American historians, and it was through his eyes she began to see the life of Quebec in the seventeenth century. The fifth part of his history opens: "The events in this book group themselves in the main about a single figure, that of Count Frontenac, the most remarkable man who ever represented the crown of France in the New World. From strangely unpromising beginnings, he grew with every emergency, and rose equal to every crisis. His whole career was one of conflict, sometimes petty and personal, sometimes of momentous consequence, involving the question of national ascendency on this continent." Willa Cather adopted Parkman's conception of Frontenac, the man from the heart of the Old World—aristocrat, intimate of princes, professional soldier—who, arriving in the New, when he was past fifty, acted with the vigour and resilient adaptation to circumstance of a young Alexander and proved precisely the leader the New World required. She followed Parkman, with some softening of the colours, in his picture of Frontenac's irascibility and contentiousness, his fiery dominating nature, his harsh humour, his power to transmit his confidence in his invincibility; she also followed Parkman—perhaps went somewhat beyond him—in an almost tender sympathy with Frontenac's old age, his solitariness upon the rock of Quebec, his disillusionment with his associates and with his king, the frustration of his wish to die in France. It was in the last year of Frontenac's life she set her story, and with his death it ended. Parkman's rationalism and anticlericalism had no effect upon her; of Frontenac's disputes with the Jesuits, and his determination to confine the Canadian church within the limits of an authority that was purely spiritual, despite Parkman's approving emphasis, she has little to say. She could enjoy, and repeat with a few changes for dramatic effect his passage on Mother Catherine de Saint-Augustin's grinding a bit of Brébeuf's bone into the gruel prepared for a heretic she was attending and thus winning him for the Catholic faith. The sceptical apothecary Auclair is indignant at the entrance of such poisonous matter into a digestive tract; but although she sympathizes with his response this passage is not characteristic of *Shadows on the Rock*.

Willa Cather's general attitude towards friars, nuns, and Jesuits, miracles and ceremonies, is in agreement with what she found in the second of her principal sources, the Jesuit *Relations*. She rejected

entirely Parkman's conception of Bishop Laval, whom he disliked even more warmly than he admired the bishop's great adversary, Frontenac. Admitting what no one could deny, the energy of Laval's nature, the genuineness of his austerity, and the perfect consistency of his life and policy with his faith, Parkman's judgment is extremely severe: "He thought himself above human law. In vindicating the rights of the church, he invaded the rights of others, and used means from which a healthy conscience would have shrunk. . . . He was penetrated by the poisonous casuistry of the Jesuits based on the assumption that all means are permitted when the end is the service of God; and as Laval, in his own opinion, was always doing the service of God while his opponents were always doing that of the devil, he enjoyed, in the use of means, a latitude of which we have seen him avail himself."

In her rejection of Parkman's view of Laval, instinctive and complete, she was strengthened by conversations she had with Abbé Henri Arthur Scott, the elderly vicar of Ste. Foy, a village near Quebec. She was introduced to him by a bookseller in the city, and from the first day when she saw him in his library, "sensitive and kindly, reserved and discreet," as the late chief archivist of Canada described him, surrounded by old editions of the classics and a multitude of the best studies on modern thought and art, she felt that she could trust his judgment in his special subject. This was the ecclesiastical history of French Canada. His studies had brought him a fellowship in the Royal Society of Canada; and the respect in which he was held in English Canada had been shown when he had been asked to contribute the section on the history of the Catholic church in the eastern parts of the country to *Canada and Its Provinces*, and the life of Laval to the revised edition of the *Makers of Canada*. His book on Laval had come out in 1926 and he was still afire with enthusiasm for his subject. Her conception of Laval's ideas and policies is substantially the conception that had appeared in the Abbé Scott's biography, although the effect she gives is far more moving since she adds an artist's insight into the human temperament of the old bishop. She continued to consult the Abbé Scott almost to the time of his sudden death in January, 1931—when her novel stood complete although it was not published until the following autumn; and to him she owed a sight of many rare and fugitive materials on which she drew for her account of the aspect and internal politics of Quebec at the end of the seventeenth century.

Willa Cather's Laval is in many ways an ecclesiastical analogue for her Frontenac. He is, to the very shape of his foot, an aristocrat,

a product (as a recent historian of Canada has said) of the exalted religious revival of seventeenth-century France, emerging from years in the mystical practices of Bernières' group at the Hermitage of Caën to organize and energize the Canadian church; and like Frontenac he is presented as precisely the leader the New World required. Laval was right, she thought, in insisting that the parish clergy remain a part of the great community of his seminary; right, too, in making sure that the ceremonies of the church were accompanied by the same splendours on the rock of Quebec as he had known in the cities of France; right incontestably when he intervened in civil matters in defence of moral and spiritual values. Like Frontenac he is shown in his old age, a man approaching seventy-five when the story opens, long retired from his episcopal office, shouldered aside by his theatrical successor Saint-Vallier, painfully afflicted, miserably poor, formidably kind. The worst she will concede is that "he was a stubborn, high-handed, tyrannical, quarrelsome old man," only to add, hastily, "no one could deny that he shepherded his sheep"—and that was the crux. At the close of the novel, immediately after Frontenac's death, we are invited to make a common judgment on the two men when Auclair says to his daughter, "The Count and the old Bishop were both men of my own period, the kind we looked up to in my youth. Saint-Vallier and Monsieur de Champigny [the intendant] are of a different sort." The judgment is very like the one Willa Cather had rendered on the lapse from the generation of the pioneers in Nebraska to the generation of their children.

Into the shaping of her novel there entered the deep and painful emotions that followed on the first death in Willa Cather's immediate family. She had spent the Christmas of 1927 at Red Cloud, and during her visit her father had a first attack of angina. In March of the next year, shortly after her return to New York, he died. Willa Cather went to Red Cloud for the funeral, and supported her brother Douglass's plea that her mother who was worn out with strain should go with him to California for a long stay. Mrs. Cather had depended on the hidden strength of her husband more than any one had realized; it seemed impossible for her to make a life for herself. The death of Charles Cather was not only the loss of a father; it meant the break-up of what Willa Cather had always continued to think of as her home, the household in Red Cloud. Her mind was full of her father when she discovered Quebec; she was then reviving memories of her relation to him when she was a child in Virginia and a girl on the Divide and in Red Cloud. As she thought over the story that was beginning to take shape in her mind during the months she spent on Grand Manan,

the relation between father and daughter, between Euclide Auclair and Cécile, demanded the foreground.

When she returned to New York from Grand Manan in the autumn of 1928 Willa Cather began to write *Shadows on the Rock*. She felt almost at once that she needed to see Quebec again, and returned there alone in November for a stay of two weeks, in which she absorbed that strong feeling for the aspect of the city in autumn which was to be rendered so powerfully in the early and late sections of *Shadows on the Rock*. On this visit she ransacked bookstores and libraries, talked with historians, antiquaries, and other men learned in the past of French Canada, and returned to New York full of her subject and her eyes complaining of strain.

An ordeal even more severe than her father's death now came on her. In December she had the news that her mother, who was still in California with Douglass, had had a paralytic stroke. Willa Cather went to her at once. Miss Lewis writes:

> The long illness of Mrs. Cather (it lasted two and a half years) had a profound effect on Willa Cather, and I think on her work as well. She had come to understand her mother better and better through the years —her strong-willed imperious nature, full of quick eager impulses—quick to resent, quick to sympathize, headstrong, passionate, and yet capable of great kindness and understanding. She realized with complete imagination what it meant for a proud woman like her mother to lie month after month quite helpless, unable even to speak articulately, although her mind was perfectly clear. In her long visits to Pasadena, where her mother was cared for in a sanatorium, she had to watch her continually growing weaker, more ailing, yet unable to die. It was one of those experiences that make a lasting change in the climate of one's mind.

So great was Willa Cather's involvement in what her mother was undergoing that she could scarcely continue the writing of *Shadows on the Rock*. The death of her father had turned her mind on the life of the family when she was a child; and soon after her mother went to California she resolved to open the house in Red Cloud and refurbish it for Mrs. Cather's return. It was not the shabby crowded house in which she had grown up, but a large well-designed one in a better part of town that Charles Cather had bought after she went to Pittsburgh. She found a surprising pleasure in choosing new paper and new drapes, carefully avoiding any change in the parlour to which she knew her mother's attachment. If she could write little of *Shadows on the Rock*, she could take pleasure in reading about the world the novel was to evoke. The difficulty in composing was perhaps the main reason why she read so extensively in the Jesuit *Relations*, La Hontan's

Voyages, Juchereau's history of the Hôtel-Dieu at Quebec, the letters of Mother Marie de l'Incarnation, from which she drew the epigraph for the novel,[2] and a host of secondary works, among them the *Makers of Canada*, which she bought.

During the winter of 1929–30, after another visit to Quebec, which she now saw for the first time under deep snow, she worked more steadily at the manuscript. She spent the spring with her mother, and in May sailed for France. In the course of the two months she stayed in Paris she became as familiar with Frontenac's old quarter as she was with the country about Santa Fe. With Jan and Isabelle Hambourg she made her first visit to Saint Malo, evoked so delicately in the later part of the novel, where Pondaven, the Breton captain, appears. The news from Pasadena was not disquieting, and Willa Cather decided to visit again the Provençal country which always made her light of heart. After Avignon and Marseilles she went to Aix-les-Bains, and staying at the Grand Hotel had the extraordinary encounter from which she drew the most perfect of her essays, "A Chance Meeting."

In the dining-room she observed with an always growing interest an old French lady, lame and somewhat shapeless, but with a head so fine that it reminded her of the portrait-busts of Roman ladies. This was Madame Franklin Grout whose translation of *Faust* had been corrected by Turgenev, and who had edited the *Bouvard et Pécuchet* of her uncle. In meeting the niece of Flaubert, the "Caro" of his letters, and finding her a person whose talk of his writings joined subtlety and justice to enthusiasm, Willa Cather felt that she had been "brought up against a mountain of memories," and that the world which survived in Madame Franklin Grout held most of "her mental past." Their talks cast a special glory over the summer of 1930, and when she heard of her friend's death the next winter, Willa Cather's sense of loss went deep.

Late in September, after some days spent with Isabelle Hambourg who had become gravely ill, she returned to America by the St. Lawrence route. I travelled by the same ship[3] and recall as if it were yesterday her warmth of expression and vigour of movement as she looked from the promenade deck at the aspect of Quebec on a sunny October morning. Miss Lewis describes the whole voyage as indeed

[2]The epigraph is taken from a letter dated Quebec, August 12, 1653 to one of her sisters: "Vous me demandez des graines de fleurs de ce pays. Nous en faisons venir de France pour notre jardin, n'y en ayant pas ici de fort rares ni de fort belles. Tout y est sauvage, les fleurs aussi bien que les hommes."

[3]Brown had spent the summer, after a year's teaching at Toronto, in Paris, gathering materials for his dissertation for which, in due course, he received the degree of Docteur-ès-lettres (d'Etat) at the University of Paris.

a sort of home-coming to *Shadows on the Rock*; and the slow progress up the Saint Lawrence, between woods on fire with October, was its climax—a dream of joy. It had been Willa Cather's plan to go straight on to Boston and Jaffrey; but though her luggage had gone on, she instantly decided to buy warm clothes and stay on at the Frontenac for a while. (It was during this visit that she first saw in the Hôpital Général, Bishop de Saint-Vallier's two small poor rooms where he humbly ended his life.) Everything she experienced brought her closer and closer to her story, and when she finally did start for Jaffrey, she could hardly wait to be at her writing table again. She wrote the last part of the novel—beginning with "The Ships from France"—very rapidly, part of it at Jaffrey, part at the Grosvenor, finishing it December 27th.

II

It was inevitable that *Shadows on the Rock* should reflect Willa Cather's longing for what in *My Antonia* she had called "the precious, the incommunicable past"—her personal past, the life in the Cather household when she was a child and a girl, and the life in the pioneer society to which it was related. In population the town of Quebec in the year of her story, 1697–1698, was a little short of two thousand as was Red Cloud in the years when she was growing up. To the rock had come people who like the Cathers and so many others coming to Nebraska from Virginia or New England, Norway or Bohemia, carried their gods with them. A key to much in the material and the scale in *Shadows on the Rock* is given in this passage on which a chapter ends: "*Inferretque deos Latio.* When an adventurer carries his gods with him into a remote and savage country, the colony he founds will, from the beginning, have graces, traditions, riches of the mind and spirit. Its history will shine with bright incidents, slight, perhaps, but precious, as in life itself, where the great matters are often as worthless as astronomical distances, and the trifles dear as the heart's blood." The trifles at Quebec are like the trifles in the Nebraska novels—old Vavrika's tokay and Antonia's grape arbour, the garden of the old German couple with whom Wunsch the musician lived, Mrs. Forrester's laugh, Mrs. Cather's strange power, in "Old Mrs. Harris," to make a beautiful occasion out of almost nothing, and Charles Cather's courtesy, in the same story, the courtesy of his grandfather on the family farm at Flint Ridge.

Beyond the rock of Quebec, as beyond Red Cloud, lay lonely farms where life was often rough and gross, and dividing them was the wild land. A lively episode in *Shadows on the Rock*, with much characterizing force, is Cécile Auclair's unhappy visit to the Harnois farm on the Ile d'Orléans, where the people and the beds were dirty, the rooms smelly and stuffy, the food heavy with lard. Cécile returned

home with a new appreciation of what cleansing and polishing and cooking in the best French manner meant in life, that they were a part of life without which it would not mean much to her. What Cécile felt at the Harnois' was what Jim Burden felt when in the middle of winter he went with his grandmother to the sodhouse of the Shimerdas, where the air was stifling and the food frozen or rotting, and Antonia slept on a pile of straw in a hole in the black earth. The Burdens—who are projections of William A. Cather and his wife—accused themselves for having allowed neighbours to live so, but on their return to their own neat frame house they had a new appreciation of its "atmosphere of comfort and security." The land in *O Pioneers!* was the "great fact . . . which seemed to overwhelm the little beginnings of human society that struggled in its sombre wastes," a land that "wanted to be let alone, to preserve its own fierce strength, its peculiar, savage kind of beauty, its uninterrupted mournfulness." The forests about Quebec are an equivalent for these Nebraska prairies: in their "dead, sealed world . . . an uncharted continent choked with interlocking trees. . . . European man was quickly swallowed up in silence, distance, mould, black mud. . . ." It was because Quebec, as she imagined it in the seventeenth century, had so much of what she had responded to with such force in her years on the Divide and in Red Cloud, in the Cather household and in the society of her friends, that Willa Cather moved with such sensitive ease in calling up its aspect and its spirit.

To the qualities it shared with early Nebraska Quebec added the precious element Willa Cather had set at the centre of *Death Comes for the Archbishop*. Miss Lewis writes:

> I have sometimes thought that Willa Cather's great pleasure in her first visit to Quebec came from finding here a sort of continuation, in a different key, of the Catholic theme which had absorbed her for two years and which still lingered in her thoughts, after the completion of the *Archbishop*, like a tune that goes on in one's mind after the song is ended. Dickens, in his preface to *David Copperfield*, tells "how sorrowfully the pen is laid down at the close of a two years' imaginative task." I think Willa Cather never got so much happiness from the writing of any book as from the *Archbishop*, and although *Shadows on the Rock* is of course altogether different in conception, in treatment, and in artistic purpose, it may have been in part a reluctance to leave that world of Catholic feeling and tradition in which she had lived so happily for so long, that led her to embark with eagerness on this new novel.

As in *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, Willa Cather chose a later rather than an early period for the novel of the French regime in Canada, and inserted a variety of narrative reminders of what life

had been when the colony was more primitive. These reminders are predominantly religious; a story about the first superior of the Hôtel-Dieu, Mother Catherine de Saint-Augustin, related by her successor, Mother Juchereau de Saint-Ignace; a story about the Jesuit martyr Noël Chabanel told by another Jesuit, Hector Saint-Cyr; a story of the youth and vocation of the holy recluse at Montreal, Jeanne Le Ber, told by her former lover, Pierre Charron. In the earlier time religious feeling had been more intense and exalted: the intensity and exaltation have survived in the aged and retired Laval, often called in the novel (as Willa Cather may have learned from the startling hagiography of the prelate in the first edition of the *Makers of Canada*) "Monseigneur l'Ancien." With the younger personages religious feeling has become quite different: in Mother Juchereau the "vigils, mortifications, visions, raptures" of Catherine de Saint-Augustin have given place to the "sunny outrightness" of "a religious of the practical type . . . a *Canadienne* and the woman for Canada"; Hector Saint-Cyr, an imaginary personage modelled in his personal traits and his principal adventure on the soldier-priest of the Sulpicians Dollier de Casson, is heroic and devout but with no overtone of Chabanel's passionate spirituality; although Jeanne Le Ber is still alive when the action occurs she has receded into a long spiritual drought.

Much more potent in setting the tone for religious feeling at the end of the seventeenth century than contrasts with the age of the martyrs and mystics that had gone before is the atmosphere in the households of the Auclairs and their bourgeois friends the Pigeons and the Pommiers. In Cécile Auclair, for all her piety, her devotion to the Ursulines who had taught her, her pleasure in miracles, there was never a trace of a vocation for the religious life; like Madame Pommier's her religion seemed to find its centre and its preferred symbol not in a virgin or a martyr, but in the Holy Family. It was because of Madame Pommier's devotion that the cobbler shop had been opened on Holy Family Hill, and nothing delighted that old lady more than when Monseigneur Laval told her "that there is no other place in the world where the people are so devoted to the Holy Family as here in our own Canada. It is something very special to us." It was something very special to Willa Cather, writing when she felt her own losses. On its superior level this devotion is parallel to the practices in cooking, cleaning, and polishing by which the house and shop of the Auclairs became such a magnet for so many diverse persons. Religion also penetrated life and made it shine with grace and poetry.

As in the Nebraska novels, but to a greater degree, the pattern of *Shadows on the Rock* depends on responses to new circumstances and a new society. Throughout the novel there is a steady movement—of which the succession of the Canadian-born farm-girl Mother Juchereau to the place of Catherine de Saint-Augustin is an early instance—from what is French to what is Canadian. The importance of this element in the narrative is confirmed by its last incident, the arrival at the Auclairs' on the day after Count Frontenac's death of the *coureur de bois* Pierre Charron, Canadian-born and critical to the point of suspicion towards all who have about them the odour of Paris or Versailles. Cécile, born on the Quai des Célestins in Paris, but brought to Canada at four, reflects: "He had not a throne behind him, like the Count . . . not the authority of a parchment and seal. But he had authority, and a power which came from knowledge of the country and its people; from knowledge, and from a kind of passion. His daring and his pride seemed to her even more splendid than Count Frontenac's."

Although there were well-to-do Charrons, traders in Montreal and associates of Jacques Le Ber, the father of the recluse (and it was doubtless because she had come across their track that Willa Cather gave Pierre their name), he is an imaginary personage. To Auclair and his wife Pierre "had seemed the type they had come so far to find; more than anyone else he realized the romantic picture of the free Frenchman of the great forests which they had formed at home on the bank of the Seine." In terms of the Nebraska novels Pierre is that rarest of all admirable kinds, the pioneer of the second generation who had to the full the finest qualities of the first; in his case we may say those that Willa Cather found in Robert Cavelier de la Salle. Pierre is another Antonia, the wild land is for him an ideal setting and an opportunity. His marriage to Cécile Auclair, reported in the epilogue, is something like Antonia's: it assures us that the future, evolving in the ways of a new society, will also preserve the graces and traditions of Europe.

The main exception to the movement from what is French to what is Canadian is Cécile's father, another imaginary personage, many of whose traits are taken from the first of Canadian natural scientists, Michel Sarrazin, whose collection of botanical specimens was kept at the Jardin des Plantes in Paris and who in 1699 was named a corresponding member of the Académie des Sciences. On the rock Euclide Auclair is out of his element. Left to himself, like Antonia's father, he would have remained in a European city; both men deferred to

wills that were stronger than their own. The shift from working in tapestry and playing the violin in Prague to a sodhouse and the unbroken prairie was too much for old Shimerda—he shot himself. I am not sure that Euclide Auclair would not have done the same in similarly harsh conditions: but he had Frontenac's protection, an apothecary shop in the centre of the town of Quebec, and a wife and then a daughter to make the family's way of life in New France so close to what it had been on the Quai des Célestins that one had to step outside to notice the difference. There were times when the desire to return to France grew very strong, and it is significant that the final reason for Euclide's staying at Quebec was a feeling that when the great king died, France would become a terrifyingly new world. But in Quebec nothing would change. Charles Cather, who spoke with a Virginia accent and kept Southern manners to the end of his life, who was not intended for a farmer and came into town from the Divide as soon as he could, also had his longings for the gracious society he had left, and his compensations in the way of life in his own household.

The novel in which Willa Cather travelled farthest from Red Cloud drew most of its emotional power from her memories of her life there as they flooded her mind during the years when that life had finally to take its place in the irrecoverable past.

CREATION AND THE ASTRONOMERS*

T. A. GOUDGE

The findings of astronomy have always held a fascination for laymen. At no other time, however, have these findings been more striking than at present. The first inkling of new developments came to the public's attention in 1933 when Eddington published *The Expanding Universe*. Further details together with some controversial speculations were offered by Fred Hoyle in his popular broadcast lectures, *The Nature of the Universe*, which appeared two years ago. Now the witty and imaginative pen of Professor Gamow has taken up the story. In the book under review he gives an excellent, non-technical account of the observations and inferences which constitute the new cosmology. The conclusions he reaches differ in important respects from those of Mr. Hoyle, though they are equally speculative and spectacular.

The background of these developments is provided by Einstein's general theory of relativity. Shortly after its publication in 1915, Professor de Sitter deduced from the theory the consequence that the most remote celestial bodies must be moving away from us, or at least must give the appearance of moving away from observers on the earth. This was followed by the discovery of empirical evidence—the so-called phenomenon of the red shift—which gave strong support to de Sitter's deduction. Hence there are now imposing reasons for believing that the galaxies populating the space of the universe are in a state of rapid dispersion, so that each galaxy is increasing its distance from every other at a steadily increasing rate of speed. Since at a certain point the speed will equal that of light, it follows, as the Astronomer Royal has recently said, that for each galaxy there is an absolute observational horizon which no telescope, however powerful, could transcend. Astronomers are thus confronted with a "cosmic curtain" forever impenetrable to observation.

These conclusions have led to the revival in the new cosmology of two very ancient doctrines. (*a*) Some astronomers favour the hypothesis that the universe is eternal, that it has always existed in about the same state as at present. But because galaxies are continually disappearing over the observational horizon as the universe "expands,"

**The Creation of the Universe.* By GEORGE GAMOW. New York: The Viking Press [Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada Limited]. 1952. Pp. xii, 147. $4.75.

supporters of this hypothesis (e.g. Mr. Hoyle) are obliged to postulate a continuous creation of matter *ex nihilo* to account for the observable universe remaining in a "steady state." From the human standpoint this compensatory creation takes place rather sluggishly at the rate of one hydrogen atom per cubic yard of space every 300,000 years! (*b*) Other astronomers (e.g. Professor Gamow) prefer the hypothesis that the present condition of the universe is the result of a long evolutionary process. Its beginning is supposed to have been a state in which all the matter of the cosmos formed a highly compressed homogeneous mass—a kind of primeval atom! Supporters of this hypothesis believe that the various species of atoms which make up the physical universe were all "created" about three billion years ago, during the period of what Professor Gamow calls "the Big Squeeze." The layman is therefore faced with an interesting choice. Either the universe is eternal and matter is being continually created; or the universe was created and is undergoing a continuous evolution.

The aim of Professor Gamow's book is to show the plausibility of hypothesis (*b*) and the implausibility of (*a*). He points out, for example, that scientific inquiries into the age of some particular part or characteristic of the universe always arrive at the same approximate figure. The available evidence points to the fact that the earth, the moon, the sun, the Milky Way, galactic clusters, radioactive atoms, etc., far from being "eternal," are all a few billion years old. Furthermore, "if the universe is now expanding, it must have been once upon a time in a state of high compression" (p. 28). In order to discover "at what date in the past all galaxies were packed tightly together, we need only to divide their present mutual distances by the velocities of their recession" (p. 30). The resulting figure is again (with certain adjustments) of the order of a few billion years. Professor Gamow then discusses several hypotheses as to how the atoms were made. The primordial state he takes to have been a hot nuclear gas consisting of neutrons, protons, and electrons. This mixture he calls "Ylem," reviving an obsolete noun which means "the first substance from which the elements were supposed to be formed" (p. 57). By a complex physical process of "nuclear cooking," according to Professor Gamow's theory, all the types of atoms were produced in about an hour! "Following that highly productive first hour of the history of our universe, nothing in particular happened for the next 30 million years" (p. 138). But eventually cooling and condensation led to the formation of galaxies, and to their dispersion at steadily accelerating rates.

The layman may well ask how the universe came to be in its

primordial state and why it began to expand. When such questions come up, most astronomers prefer to change the subject; but not Professor Gamow. He suggests "that the Big Squeeze which took place in the early history of our universe was the result of a collapse which took place at a still earlier era, and that the present expansion is simply an elastic rebound which started as soon as the maximum permissible squeezing density was reached" (p. 29). Yet if pressed to give the evidence for this hypothesis, Professor Gamow has to admit that there is none. Science is unable to reach any conclusions about the pre-squeeze period of the universe. This is appropriately called "St. Augustine's Era," since it was the Bishop of Hippo who first raised the question "as to what God was doing before He made heaven and earth" (p. 30). Professor Gamow might have added that St. Augustine's conclusion is "that we ought not to seek to comprehend the infinite spaces of time or place, ere the world was made." The new cosmology is apparently unwilling to accept any such limitation.

Professor Gamow presents the abstruse details of his subject with remarkable clarity and liveliness. Yet it is surprising that he never says what precisely the new cosmology means by the word "creation." Surely if this word is henceforth to be part of the technical vocabulary of the astronomers, they will have to give it an exact definition. Philosophers and theologians have for centuries been struggling with the problem of creation. The outcome of their struggles should, if studied by the new cosmologists, yield considerable food for thought.

FROM ELIOT TO SENECA*

H. M. McLuhan

Like his work on Donne, this volume by Professor Williamson is a scholarly extension of the critical and poetic interests of T. S. Eliot. That is to say that Mr. Eliot's interest in Montaigne, Pascal, and LaRochefoucauld, like his interest in the Jacobeans, Pope, and Baudelaire, is both Senecan and technical. And Professor Williamson has written a technical discussion of the battle of the prose styles from Bacon to Collier. Perhaps an excess of modesty has led Professor Williamson to omit the central issues which stirred up the winds of doctrine in the seventeenth and twentieth centuries. At any rate, the reader of this book will be puzzled to say why Euphuism could be a party cry from 1580 to 1620. Why was Pliny a major issue in prose

*_The Senecan Amble: A Study in Prose from Bacon to Collier_. By George Williamson. London: Faber and Faber [Toronto: British Book Service]. Pp. 377. $8.50.

ornament in this period? What were the motives that led all the educated people of this time to lavish intense industry on the precise cultivation and discrimination of several varieties of verse and prose? Professor Williamson surely knows the answers to these and related questions, but he barely hints at them in his discussion, which, to a quite unnecessary degree, circulates and vacillates from rhetorical handbook to treatise and from essay to sermon, traversing the same scene several times.

The sixteenth and especially the seventeenth centuries constitute for England and Europe the golden age of scriptural exegesis in the patristic mode. As the mental energies shifted from the exegesis of the sacred page to the psychological use of the same techniques, the literature became rich and voluminous. In Spenser, Nashe, and Milton there is scarcely any dichotomy between the theological and the psychological interests. But in Montaigne, Bacon, and Donne the split is seen very plainly.

The patristic age had taken over classical culture and adopted it to the problems of scriptural commentary and pulpit oratory. In his *De Doctrina Christiana* St. Augustine rewrote Cicero's *De Oratore*. Like the orator, the theologian and preacher must know the entire circle of the arts and sciences, and he must be skilled in a variety of styles and procedures which he can adapt both to his subject and to his audience. This appears very clearly, for example, in the different styles represented by St. Augustine's *City of God*, his *Confessions*, and his rimed sermons. The latter became the basis of Euphuism on grounds of literary decorum, and are intended not for scholars or readers but for hearers of the word.

Because the function of the exegete is to reveal the hidden and the obscure, he naturally resorts to those forms of expression which arrest the flow of the mind by sudden turns, or dislocate it from its usual channels. There is much significance, therefore, in the ancient tradition of the correspondence between Seneca and St. Paul, and so great a scholar as St. Jerome was convinced of its authenticity.

Set in this perspective it is easy to make sense at once of Bishop Andrewes and Montaigne. As Professor Williamson writes, "Andrewes leans toward the patristic rhetoric, but he carries the Senecan cult of brevity much farther than Lyly." Lyly was writing a prodigal son tract in the "rimed sermon" style of St. Augustine, just as Nashe wrote his pamphlets and *Unfortunate Traveller* in the styles of various Fathers. By juxtaposing well-known styles with contemporary themes and controversies Lyly and Nashe were exercising the art of the continuous parallel so strikingly used in *Ulysses* and in the Senecanism of *Gerontion* and *Sweeney Agonistes*.

The Church Fathers are always close to Seneca for the same reason they are close to Pliny. Seneca provided the stylistic means of psychological manipulation of the inner world and Pliny exercised the same effects via the objects of the outer world. Montaigne, interested above all in arresting and painting thought, uses the quick conversational turns of Senecan style and the wide variety of stances provided by the world of natural history to snap-shot the various postures of the mind. As for Andrewes it is the text of scripture, so for Montaigne it is the mind of man which becomes the object of exegetic techniques.

Professor Williamson also omits to explain how the natural and age-old antipathy of Senecan and Ciceronian is rooted in diversity of aim and method in communication. The Senecan cares only to reveal the thing. He is an instrument to be set aside the moment that the reader has been helped to *see*. Such is the attitude of Conrad in his interminable narrative circuits which are undertaken, as he says, *above all that you may see*. The circuit represents not a *narratio* or a record of events, but the stages of the learning process. The discontinuities of Senecan style, whether in Bacon's *Essays* or Mr. Eliot's poetry, are not attempts to take the reader by the hand or to unfold a tale, but attempts to reveal exactly discriminated states of mind by devices geared to inner vision. The Ciceronian, however, is engaged not in revelation but self-expression. He takes up the task not of discovery and learning but of transmission and accumulation of data, and the inculcation of moral attitudes. Bacon upon occasion used both styles and so does Mr. Eliot. Quarrels between Senecans and Ciceronians are inevitably the result of the triumph of specialized temperament over general intelligence.

The Senecan schools of declamation in the Roman world elaborated all those terms and procedures which the twelfth-century Senecans revived and elaborated. The *Sic et Non* of Abelard, like the *antitheta* of Bacon, is a technique of juxtaposition of texts for the purpose of sudden illumination. Scholasticism was Senecan in origin and temper, and opposed to the Ciceronian humanism of medieval philology and pedagogy. This perspective would have helped Professor Williamson to locate the line of wit from Raleigh and Donne to Pope. Seen in the light of its close historical relation with scholasticism, the Senecan link with scientific method, on one hand, and with Puritan theological procedure, on the other, becomes explicable.

In short, had Professor Williamson given us something about the Senecanism of our modern writers as it has directed their interest to the past, and had he provided a perspective of the continuous development of Senecanism up to the sixteenth century, the great Senecan flowering from Donne to Pope would have acquired a more

luminous character. For it was the greatness of Donne to have fused Senecan, patristic, and Scholastic interests into a single attitude of style, as it was the distinction of Pope to have perfected the Senecan essay in verse as a precise instrument of dramatic moral dissection. The return to Senecan style in our time has been made possible by means of the technique of the interior landscape in poetry. The great impetus which Newton gave to the elaboration of external landscape lasted until this century. But the Senecal world, concerned with the postures of mind and the figures on the inner psychological stage, was mainly suppressed by Newtonian physics and optics. There was something revolutionary, therefore, about Mr. Eliot's directing his exegesis to the Senecal techniques of the Elizabethan and Jacobean drama and his incorporating these via Laforgue and Rimbaud in his early poems. For it is to Mr. Eliot's Senecanism that we owe Professor Williamson's very learned and meticulous study.

APOLLO AND DIONYSUS* — LEONARD WOODBURY

The poet Sophocles is well known for the formal symmetry of his art and the purity of his emotion. We are less often reminded that he once received into his house at Athens the sacred snake of Asclepius, the god of healing. In what relation he, and others like him, stood to his guest we do not know, and few have troubled to inquire. But it is a question of importance to us if we wish to know him as a man, and the answer will affect even an estimate of his art, provided we regard this not as a technique, but as something human.

In this memorable book the Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford has given a masterly and critical account of the irrational experience of the ancient Greeks from Homer to the age of Roman rule. Madness, dreams, possession, prophecy, the psychic excursions of shamans and the magical lore of theurgy, the sense of shame and the feeling of guilt, all—and much besides—are crisply considered. The subject requires the interpretation of many passages scattered up and down Greek literature, but everywhere, or almost everywhere, the author moves with a sureness that has been acquired from wide reading and mature reflection. In addition he has drawn on his study of the writings of social psychologists and anthropologists in order to fit what he finds in the ancient texts into categories for which an empirical test can be provided. He combines judicious speculation with cool scepticism:

**The Greeks and the Irrational.* Sather Classical Lectures, vol. 25. By E. R. Dodds. Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press. 1951. Pp. xii, 327. $5.00.

this in a style that is clear, firm, and ironic, with occasional touches of a dry, and almost sombre humour.

The book is rich in good things: the discussion of Apollinian and Dionysiac madness (pp. 68–70); the useful statement of what a moderate sceptic will admit as known about the Protean figure of Orphism (pp. 147–9); the description of the Athenian enlightenment in its view of the irrational (pp. 182–93); the brilliant, if not entirely convincing chapter on "The Greek Shamans and the Origin of Puritanism"; the suggestive and persuasive sketch of the way in which the triumph of the philosophy of rationalism contributed, within a century or two, to the revival of irrationalism in new and exotic forms (chap. VIII).

Professor Dodds's confidence in rationalism never falters, but his conception of it is less exclusive than some others have been: the dedication to Gilbert Murray tells its own tale. This tolerance stands him in good stead; for because of his acquaintance with contemporary mediums he is able to argue effectively against the excessive rationalism of the French school (pp. 71–5). They have maintained that the stories told in antiquity of the ravings of the Pythian priestess at Delphi are mere fantasies; she and the priests engaged, it is said, in nothing more out of the way than the drawing of lots. Dodds conjectures that she went into a trance, "autosuggestively induced." And it is well to find a recognition that Empedocles may have seen no inconsistency between the "scientific" *On Nature* and the "religious" *Purifications* (pp. 145–6, 153).

No one will be surprised to find that some interpretations are a little forced; the extraordinary thing is that they are so few in a work of such scope and originality. But it seems to me that the passages from Plato cited by Dodds (p. 79) do not support his contention that there existed in classical Greece rituals which attempted, by the use of different types of religious music, to "diagnose" the god by whom a "Corybant" was possessed. As Linforth has pointed out, "it is difficult to accept the notion of a divided allegiance in a single religious ceremony." In another place (pp. 211–12) Dodds exaggerates, as I think, the decline in Plato's estimate of human nature and his ruthlessness in dealing with it in the *Laws*. Plato believes that goodness and happiness go together: "but did he not believe it, he would still pretend it true, as being 'the most salutary lie that was ever told.'" All that Plato (*Laws* 663d) says is that it would have been useful even if it had not been shown to be true.

It is probable that here, and elsewhere, Dodds has been misled by the limitations imposed by the assumptions implicit in the method he

has adopted, just as his own nervous style is occasionally weakened by the flaccid jargon of some of his authorities. To be sure, he takes account, as has been said, of a somewhat wider range of experience than classical scholars used to consider, and of this he takes as rational whatever his scientific methods can explain. But here the line is strictly drawn about the "empirical self"; whatever lies outside is dismissed as "occult." This procedure seems to confuse the unknown with the irrational, and what might be with what never could.

In consequence, Dodds is led to say that the divine machinery of Homer is merely a "projection, the pictorial expression, of an inward monition" (p. 14). Or: that Empedocles "represents . . . a very old type of personality, the shaman" (p. 146). Or again: that Plato's guardians were chosen as examples of "an exceptional type of personality" and are, in fact, "a new kind of rationalised shamans" (pp. 210–11). And is it sufficient to explain the divine interventions of epic and the psychological instability of lyric by referring the one to a "shame-culture," and the other to a "guilt-culture" (chap. II)? Are the gods scapegoats and nothing more?

Admirable as the book is in other respects, it cannot, of course, achieve more than its conceptual framework permits. This is unfortunate in itself, but also in its consequences for the wider end that Professor Dodds has in view. He is concerned, and rightly, that the rise of irrationalism in our own time may prove as disastrous as the movements that overthrew the rationalism of antiquity. As he says (p. 254), "once before a civilised people rode to this jump—rode to it and refused it." It was, he thinks, the horse that refused, and not the rider: the irrational element in man was imperfectly understood or even neglected, and balked at the long jump. The new sciences widen our experience and give hope that in the end the beast will be known and mastered. No doubt; but it is well not to pre-judge its spirit or stamina; it may be Pegasus instead of Rozinante.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S NOTE-BOOKS* — WILLIAM ROBBINS

Twenty years ago students of Arnold were thrown into a state of eager anticipation by the announcement that his Note-Books, tantalizing fragments of which were edited by his daughter and published in 1902, were at last to be published in full from the originals at Yale University. The hopeful eagerness gave way to fretful impatience, which in

*_The Note-Books of Matthew Arnold_. Edited by HOWARD FOSTER LOWRY, KARL YOUNG, and WALDO HILARY DUNN. London, New York, Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1952. Pp. xvi, 656. $11.00.

turn must give way to gratitude and a feeling akin to awe as we contemplate the edition at last before us. The editors have not only given us the complete contents of the Note-Books (and of two larger "General Note-Books") in place of the five-year samplings by Mrs. Wodehouse (the late Viscountess Sandhurst). They have also tracked down and given us the source of nearly every quotation. We believe them when they tell us that they have not infrequently "turned over three or four hundred books for one small item," and we are glad that a desire for perfection did not prevent their releasing the book to us with 57 assorted items reluctantly included under the heading, in an excellent index, of "Unidentified Entries," items whose sources they cordially invite other Arnold scholars to supply.

Careful comparison of the earlier fragments, which indeed served their purpose admirably, with the full edition now available, raises some interesting points. It is clear that Mrs. Wodehouse did not, as she claimed, "take every fifth year, unabridged, from 1863 to 1888." Nor were the omissions merely of references to periodicals, which presumably might be thought ephemeral in nature. The second entry for 1863, for example, a maxim (later repeated) from Goethe, is omitted. Furthermore, her introduction implied that the "brief and irregular" entries for the years 1852 to 1861 were given entire. This is not the case. Arnold's favourite line from Thomas à Kempis, *Semper aliquid certi proponendum est*, was given as often as her scheme permitted, whereas Spinoza's *Vera hominis felicitas et beatitudo in solâ sapientiâ et veri cognitione consistit*, quoted in 1856, 1857, and 1858, she offered only in the entries for 1856. One is reminded of his mother's worry over Arnold's championing of Spinoza in 1863, as reflected in his reassuring letter to her on January 7 of that year ("You say, very justly, that one's aim in speaking about such a man must be rather to modify opinion about him than to give it a decisive turn in his favour"). Certainly the repeated references, in both the Note-Books and the complete lists of intended reading, support the letters to Clough and his own writings in pointing to the influence of the great rationalist and "heretic" upon Arnold's own thinking.

One great value of this complete edition of the Note-Books, then, is the corrective or corroborative information they furnish the student who is investigating the sources of and influences upon Arnold's ideas. The surprise at Arnold's respect for Bishop Wilson, considered by many the epitome of pious mediocrity, may be modified by a quotation of 1870 which might have stood as a motto for Arnold's religious essays: "Let our discourse of religion be practical rather than notional or disputing." The student who has found "the critic's breviary" more irri-

tating than helpful in supporting or correcting a thesis may find solid supplementary matter in nine uninterrupted pages of quotations from Goethe, five from Burke, and five (barring one passage from Ewald) from Taine.

The other great value of this edition is of course the fuller revelation of Arnold's mind and method of working. In spite of the staggering lists of intended reading, and the impressive amount of achieved reading, he was, as the editors suggest, "a strategic reader" rather than a voluminous one. In this connection it is pertinent to quote from his letter to his mother on February 4, 1863.

> I hope . . . this summer to have printed six articles—one on Spinoza in the *Times*, one on Dante and one on the Emperor Marcus Aurelius in *Fraser*, one on *A French Eton* and one on *Academies* (like the French Institute) in *Macmillan*, and one on Eugénie de Guérin in the *Cornhill*. Perhaps I may add to these one on Joubert. . . . After the summer I mean to lie fallow again for some time, or to busy myself with poetry only. My great advantage is that every one of the subjects I propose to treat is one that I have long reached in my mind, read and thought much about, and been often tempted to write of.

Here in the Note-Books, and in the lists of works to be read and to be composed, is the detailed evidence of what has long been in his mind, to emerge as studies and principles in literary criticism, as views on education, as essays in social and political and religious morality. Here too is the fuller illustration of Arnold's habit of keeping alive in his mind that which has interested him, of turning again to those writers who have, even in a qualified way, seemed worth while. The Tauler he writes of in the year before his death the editors identify in a quotation of 1861; the George Sand he admired in his youth is still among the quotations and reading lists of 1888.

The arrangement of materials and aids is quite satisfactory. The preface contains a useful description of Arnold's way of working and a warning about his tendency to quote freely and hurriedly; it also contains a worthy tribute to the late Professor Karl Young, who died while the work of editing was in progress. The first 438 pages are taken up with the dated Note-Books, the next 111 pages with the undated "General Note-Books" complete with topical headings for items or groups of items. The reading lists occupy 77 pages, followed by a bibliographical list of the periodical articles referred to by Arnold, and by a similar list of the books, with those known to have been in Arnold's possession indicated by a bracketed "A". Complete with index, the whole represents an indispensable tool of research and reference for the student of Arnold.

STUDIES IN PEIRCE*

B. WAND

No American philosopher has attracted as much recent attention as Charles Sanders Peirce, the founder of pragmatism. And the publication of those *Studies*, under the sponsorship of the Peirce Society, provides a welcome addition to the growing body of literature devoted to the examination of his philosophy. They consist of a collection of twenty-four separately written essays, twenty of which are critical and the remainder biographical and historical.

Unlike the pragmatism of William James which is concerned with a theory of truth, the pragmatism of Peirce is primarily concerned with a theory of meaning, that is—to use a phrase which serves as the title of one of his own essays—with "how to make our ideas clear."

According to Peirce, the meaning of a term can only be firmly established if that term can express a belief which would lead us to actions of a certain kind, upon whose performance we should expect experiences of a certain kind. Consequently, all terms involving the same rule of action, leading to the same expectations, will have identical meanings; and no term can be considered meaningful unless it can express a belief leading to some type of action.

It is obvious that this operational criterion of meaning is itself not entirely free from ambiguity. And not only have Peirce's critics sought to clarify and elucidate it, but he himself tried to do so. Moreover, it has interesting implications for other aspects of his philosophy such as the status of universals, the categories of being, the status of metaphysical, ethical, and religious beliefs.

It is at this point that the *Studies* reveal a basic weakness. For although Peirce's theory of meaning is given sufficiently adequate treatment, the very method of the editors precludes all except incidental consideration of the relations which hold, or at least can be claimed to hold, between the various aspects of his general philosophy. For each author was allowed to write on any aspect of Peirce's philosophy which particularly interested him and it was only afterwards that the separate essays were organized into their present form. The result has been, with some few notable exceptions, an almost exclusive emphasis on analysis to the detriment of any attempt at synthesis. This is particularly unfortunate in the case of Peirce. For although he is not a builder of systems, nor indeed even a systematic writer, his inquiry on any one subject almost invariably leads him to related inquiries on a diversity of subjects.

**Studies in the Philosophy of Charles Sanders Peirce.* Edited by PHILIP P. WIENER and FREDERIC H. YOUNG. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press [Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders and Company Limited]. 1952. Pp. x, 396. $6.75.

Of those essays which deal with Peirce's theory of meaning, most are primarily concerned with his intent rather than with a minute analysis of his terms. The one unfortunate exception is Professor Lovejoy's essay which can be taken as a perfect example of myopic analysis. Professor Bronstein's essay is perhaps the most informative and suggestive of this particular group. He shows that ultimately, for Peirce, the meaning of a term is not established merely by the actual verification of our expectations, consequent upon following some rule of action, but by their possible verification even though we may not be able to carry out the rule. Moreover, he persuasively argues that although Peirce holds to a pragmatic theory of meaning, his theory of inquiry implies a correspondence theory of truth, i.e. that the ultimate goal of inquiry is to establish beliefs which are in accord with Reality.

But it is really unjust to isolate any one essay from the four groups of topics. Each serves to illustrate not only the originality of Peirce's mind but its fertility, whether it examines his theory of meaning, his logic, his phenomenology or his metaphysics. Together these *Studies* should serve as a stimulus to further reading of Peirce's own writings.

SHORTER NOTICES

Robert Ross, Friend of Friends: Letters to Robert Ross, Art Critic and Writer, together with Extracts from His Published Articles. Edited by MARGERY ROSS. London: Jonathan Cape [Toronto: Clarke, Irwin & Company Limited]. 1952. Pp. 367. $6.50.

The ease with which the Irish aristocrat families who came out to Canada about, or not long after, 1800 could on occasion revert to the life of the Old World is strikingly exemplified in the subject of this volume. The first Canadian Robert Baldwin emigrated to Canada with his son William Warren in 1798, and the son practised law in Toronto and in 1822 inherited the very substantial estate of the famous Peter Russell. He married a Willcocks, and their five sons included the yet more famous Robert Baldwin, second of that name in Canada. Robert Baldwin's daughter married John Ross, an original Senator of Canada, and after his death in 1871 two sons of this marriage were educated in England, where they both attained considerable prominence.

But "Robbie," the younger, born in 1869, was fated to have his name and character permanently imbedded in the history of English literature by the accident that at Oxford in 1886 he met and became deeply attached to Oscar Wilde, and by the quality of profound loyalty and devotion which made him, between 1900 and 1910, the chief instrument in effecting the rehabilitation of Wilde's literary reputation. That this service should have been performed by a native of Toronto, and a descendant of several generations of men prominent in the public life of Ontario and of Canada, is surely one of the oddities of history. It seems improbable, however, that "Robbie" ever claimed to be a Torontonian, although he was invariably kind to Canadians who looked him up in London because of his very extensive literary connections.

This volume is a collection of letters written to Ross by persons of some note in art and literary circles of the period 1890-1918—the end of a world—with a few letters and extracts from articles by Ross himself. The resultant picture of Ross is less well focused than one would like, but the collection is not intended to be biographical. A considerable part of the book is Wildeana items of the first importance, but there are also letters dealing with a great many more episodes of the artistic history of the time, including the unsuccessful suit against Pemberton-Billing, the British M.P. and journalist, for libel against Maud Allan the Salome dancer (another somewhat expatriated native

of Toronto), and the uproar about the Epstein figures in front of the British Medical Association. Lord Beaverbrook appears for a moment, but only as a cabinet minister who must be persuaded to oppose the scheme to turn the British Museum into Air Force offices!

It is impossible not to desire more light on the personality of a man who had so obviously a genius for engaging the friendship of persons of great originality and creative power. Ross had money enough to permit him to be generous, but he had the far more important qualities of sympathy and tolerance which enabled him to be generous without imposing obligation.

B. K. SANDWELL

The Poetry of Ezra Pound. By HUGH KENNER. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions Books. Pp. 342. $4.00.

I can complain of very few dull moments in Mr. Kenner's book. His faults, such as a condescending attitude to the reader (You probably won't understand me, but I'll do the best I can) and a taste for aesthetic melodrama (the Pound tradition versus the rest), are not dull ones and may be better regarded as the faults of his virtues. For he manages to involve the reader in his arguments and badger him into an assent or dissent which in either case is liable to be strong.

Kenner is at his best in showing how Pound loves to juxtapose objects and situations and states of mind against one another "without cement," simply for the sake of discriminating between them or defining them more sharply against one another's background. The result is neither a fourth sound nor a star, but objects set in mutual relief (fancy rather than imagination). He also, despite some questionable remarks on metrics and the derivation of Pound's technique, talks sense on Pound's rhythmical skill and ability to mimic the intonation and inflection of people he has heard or not heard. I would call Pound the supreme ventriloquist among modern poets; none of the others (even Cummings) can approach his ability to discriminate between voices. Imagism (of his own special kind) and ventriloquism —these two techniques cover Pound's main achievement, and they make the world of the *Cantos* inexhaustible and rewarding. Kenner illuminates them with an insight and enthusiasm for which we may be grateful.

When he moves on from texture to large-scale structure, Kenner is forced by the relative paucity of remarks by Pound himself to assume the role of critic and theorist more than elsewhere. He rejects both narrative and argument as a structural basis for literature and plumps

quite simply for thematic recurrence at intervals determined by the individual motif. This principle (something of an outmoded commonplace today) is based on a false musical analogy, and Kenner quotes some of Pound's more naïve remarks on the "Great Bass" by way of confirmation. He goes on to illustrate it by the occurrence of the "Elpenor motif" in Cantos I, XX, and (somewhat remotely) XXV; and, after listing the main events between its first and second occurrence, decides that this motif "demands, precisely, the interposition of nineteen cantos containing just these and no other materials, just so disposed." This is magnificent confidence, but contingency enters all works of art, and I find very little in Kenner's argument to convince me that if the motif had appeared in Cantos II and XXII, he would not have been impressed in the same way. Indeed, if whole groups of cantos were shuffled about, I doubt if the form of the work could emerge from these pages as basically very different. In fact, it emerges as a series of juxtaposed planes, fields of force, foci of intersection, multi-dimensional constructions, shifting tonalities, radiant tensions, and so on through the irritating jargon by which Kenner says little more than that somehow some things are related to some other things. In general, whenever he goes beyond simple statement of what follows what, his attempts to chart the structure of the *Cantos* seem pretentious and more than a little futile. It is only fair to add, however, that he points out this futility while indulging in it.

We might expect Kenner to round out his book by discriminating between Pound's discriminations, and evaluating his evaluations, but, as the introduction tells us (with some inaccuracy), we have to do with "exposition rather than 'criticism.' " And as exposition, at least, it is a first-rate contribution to the study of modern poetry.

M. T. WILSON

Society and Thought in Modern America. By HARVEY WISH. New York, London, Toronto: Longmans, Green and Co. 1950, 1952. Pp. xi, 612; xii, 618: $7.50, $8.00.

In this "social and intellectual history of the American people," as the work is subtitled, Harvey Wish, of Western Reserve University, has carried his subject forward from the England and New England of Roger Williams to the ideological struggle with Soviet Russia during the year 1951. Although essentially a two-volume text-book, it is well worth the attention of the general reader who is looking for a clearly written and factual survey of American development. The

reader will find no political or constitutional history, but he will find much on such diverse themes as economic change, the main literary phases, education, sport, inventions, reformism, the arts, as well as periodic discussions of the social pattern from region to region. Each volume has several dozen well-chosen illustrations portraying these and other facets of American life, and each has a chapter-by-chapter select bibliography.

With such a vast panorama it is inevitable that the treatment of any given topic, no matter how important, should be very brief, a feature that is accentuated by the author's resolute and cheerful determination to touch on the multifarious trivia of American life as well as on more fundamental issues. To be sure, the chapter titles, by linking the names of eminent men with important epochs, promise an extended discussion of such figures as Franklin, Jefferson, Emerson, Gompers, Edison, William James, and many others, but in fact these men get little more space than the lesser figures. In seeking a kaleidoscopic effect the author has whirled so many bright objects that we are left dazzled but without any very fixed impressions. There is, moreover, a lack of novelty in the treatment and in the estimates; the illustrative incidents and anecdotes are often hackneyed while the summaries are conventional. Such bad features of a textbook are, however, more than counterbalanced by the author's fair-minded and sure-footed trek through many fields not normally frequented by historians. Apart from his unfortunate habit of indulging in irritating repetitions, of which there are scores in the two volumes, Professor Wish has provided us with an attractively written, encyclopaedic account of American life during the last three and a half centuries.

G. M. Craig

The Literature of the Spanish People: From Roman Times to the Present Day. By Gerald Brenan. Cambridge: at the University Press [Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada Limited]. 1951. Pp. xviii, 496. $8.50.

The author states in the preface that this is a history of the literary productions of the Spanish people "in whatever language they may have been written from the earliest times to the present day" (p. ix). But of the book's 470 pages, Mr. Brenan devotes only 59 to Latin, Arabic, Galician-Portuguese, and Catalan. The remaining 411 are assigned to Castilian literature. In reality, Mr. Brenan's work is a collection of essays on Castilian authors, especially poets, whom he

considers "outstanding figures" (p. xiv). He places the main emphasis "not on the elusive question of the literary-historical process, but on a critical examination of the principal poets, dramatists and prose writers" (p. xiv).

The result of Mr. Brenan's method of presenting Castilian literature is rather disappointing. He chooses *ad libitum* those authors whom he considers the "outstanding figures" and gives them a considerable amount of space, dealing summarily with others who, according to the majority of Spanish scholars, are just as outstanding, like Garcilaso, Fray Luis de Granada, Fray Luis de León, Santa Teresa, Zorrilla, Campoamor, Pereda, and Blasco Ibáñez, to mention a few. These *lacunae* interrupt the natural sequence of Castilian literature, which thus appears lacking in balance and due proportions.

Mr. Brenan is one of the first to state that poetry is the highest expression of Castilian literature. He writes: "But it is in poetry that we must seek the crown of the Spanish literary achievement"; adding that Spanish lyric poetry has "a pre-eminence that only English can contest." This belief is undoubtedly the cause of his devoting the greatest part of his book to Castilian poets to the detriment of the prose writers. It is in the field of poetry that we must look for Mr. Brenan's contribution to Castilian literary history. He has read extensively, and has the capacity to appreciate poetic beauty to a high degree. He also has a very good knowledge of Castilian versification and senses the rhythmic musicality of the many different types of Castilian poetic compositions, a most difficult thing for a foreigner. The poetic selections are for the most part well chosen and conducive to the understanding of the mentality and sensitiveness of the poets who wrote them. The translations of these quotations are very well done and give a remarkably good idea of the original.

We must conclude that this collection of essays on Spanish literature is of great value for the understanding and enjoyment of some of the best Spanish writers, especially poets; but we cannot call it a history of Spanish literature because it lacks the necessary sequence and balance. The author gives at times too much importance to trivial matters, as in the case of the *Zéjel* or *muwassaha*, a popular type of Spanish-Arabic poetic composition, while he neglects some of the most important authors and books of Spanish literature.

This book might have been better off without the preface and the postscript, both of which are full of personal theories and generalizations. These also abound in the book itself, for instance when Mr. Brenan says that the principal occupation of Spaniards of Lope de Vega's time was "love" (p. 228). As A. F. G. Bell in his *Castilian*

Literature writes (p. x): "All generalities are vain, 'lasches et dangereux' [*sic*], and this is especially true of Spain, Spanish civilization and culture, so individual and full of contrasts."

JUAN CANO

The Conditions of Knowing: An Essay Towards a Theory of Knowledge. By ANGUS SINCLAIR. London: Routledge & Kegan Paul Limited [Toronto: British Book Service (Canada) Ltd.]. 1951. Pp. 260. $4.25.

Epistemology, for Mr. Sinclair, is a science of presuppositions. It is not concerned as are the more traditional kinds of epistemology with the nature of knowledge and truth, but with "attitudes about" the nature of knowledge and truth. It is "the deliberate and systematic inquiry into, and if possible improvement of, these." And since these attitudes or presuppositions about the nature of knowledge possess the highest generality to be found in any of the attitudes or opinions held by men on any subject, and since all attitudes and opinions of lesser generality fall within the limits set by them, they have a unique and supreme importance. It follows for Mr. Sinclair that epistemology, the science which inquires into them, has correspondingly "a special, unique, and paramount status" in philosophy. Epistemological attitudes or assumptions are cultural and historical phenomena. The particular complex of such assumptions which determines the thinking of those belonging to the European-American culture has been doing its work for over twenty-five centuries. Mr. Sinclair considers that it has become "inadequate" and "misleading," and that the very unsatisfactory state of the higher learning today is a result of it. But he finds too that there is beginning to take place an abandonment of that complex of underlying assumptions and the adoption in its place of something better. This book is concerned to hasten the trend. In unremitting destructiveness it is a *tour de force*. The following quotation will give some indication of the degree of devastation.

> Logic, ancient, medieval and modern, is a body of doctrine or complex of theories based on a presupposition which is a misunderstanding, and is therefore itself a vast and elaborate misunderstanding, in the same way as the detailed working out of the consequences and applications of the phlogiston theory produced a chemistry which was a vast and elaborate misunderstanding. The study of logic is the exploration of a blind alley; and the more able and single-minded the logician, the further up the blind alley does he go. This venerable subject is an historically important misconception. In plain language, there is no such subject.

The argument of this book is not to be judged in any of the more usual ways. Highly general theories or views cannot, the author points

out, be disproved and then abandoned. They must first be abandoned and then looked at from the outside. It is only then that the arguments against them can be fully understood. The task of getting us to abandon them becomes in effect a task of persuasion, and *The Conditions of Knowing* will have to be judged as a highly skilful rhetorical performance. But one must wonder how it is possible for the English language, conditioned as it has been by the epistemological presuppositions of twenty-five hundred years' standing, to be made to serve now as an instrument for the destruction of those very presuppositions.

R. F. McRae

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